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Sports Illustrated

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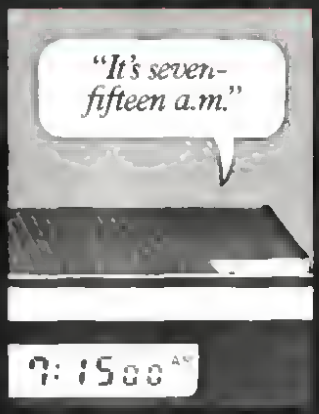
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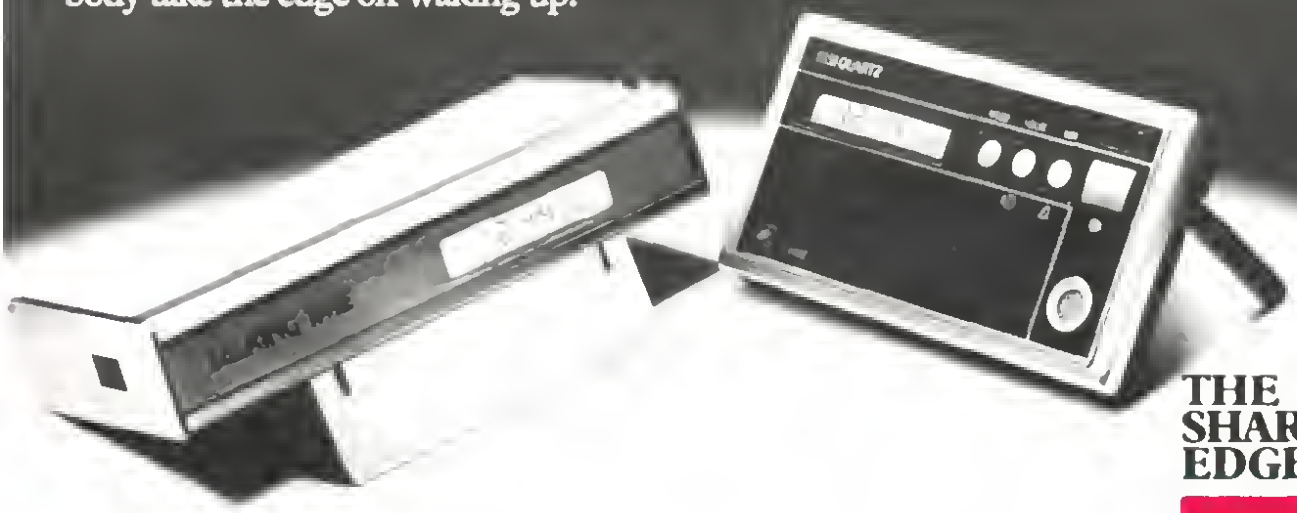
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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (ISSN 0038-822X) is published weekly, except semi-weekly during a week in February, also two issues combined at year end, by Time Inc., 3428 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90010, principal office Rockefeller Ctr., N.Y., N.Y. 10020. J.R. Munro, President; J.W. Fewkes, Treasurer; C.B. Bear, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Los Angeles, CA, and additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. U.S. subscription $38.00 a year. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to: Sports Illustrated, TIME/LIFE Building, 541 N. Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Staff Writer Rick Telander was an All-Big Ten defensive back in 1971, his senior year at Northwestern, and his football future seemed promising when the Kansas City Chiefs drafted him. It seemed otherwise a month later, when they cut him, but Telander had also been a two-time member of the *Academic* All-Big Ten team, and an English major, and he wrote his first SPORTS ILLUSTRATED story from that disappointment.

He thus began a career as one of our most productive free-lancers. He signed on as a Special Contributor in 1976, and this September he joined the staff full time. Telander has written for us on a variety of subjects—archery, geekos, penitentiary sports, the Italian-American Sports Hall of Fame—but football would seem to be a natural: His 47th SI story is on Dallas Cowboy Running Back Tony Dorsett, and it starts on page 86 of this issue.



TELANDER: NO BOLT OUT OF THE BLUE

Says Telander, "I'm only 32, not much older than Dorsett is, and I do know football. Still, he wasn't very enthusiastic about talking to me at first. He has had so much written about him that he feels as if he's living his life in the papers. But then the days passed and we became pretty good friends. One of the great things about working for SI is that on this kind of story you have time to go easy, you don't have to come on like a bolt out of the blue, the way many newspapermen do, demanding a guy's whole life story in an hour."

Though Dorsett may feel he's living his whole life in the papers, Telander believes sportswriters have rather underrated him. "People are always making lists of running backs, including this guy and that guy, and at the end they say, 'Oh, yes, and Tony Dorsett.' It's strange for a guy who has never rushed for fewer than 1,000 yards a season. Maybe it's because he makes it look so easy."

Telander spent eight days with Dorsett before returning home. At present he's living in Chicago, because his wife, the former Judy Hansen, has a new job as a counseling psychologist at Oakton Community College in Des Plaines, Ill. Their home in Key West, Fla. is rented for the moment, and Telander says he and Judy may be the only people in history to winter in Illinois and summer in Key West. He does miss playing pickup basketball under a warm sun, and "poking around the backcountry in my boat, just looking at the water." He doesn't miss softball, however. He played for a while for Sloppy Joe's Bar, and then, in 1979, for the Blossom Grocery team, which fielded a county judge, a district attorney and, most crucially, as Telander recalls, "a star shortstop who got busted for importing 13 tons of marijuana. The team went downhill after that, and one day I found myself standing in leftfield wondering what I was doing there, so I quit."

While Telander occasionally draws urgent-deadline assignments—he reported his alma mater's record-breaking 29th straight football defeat last month—he will do more contemplative features than fast-breaking news stories. Presumably he hopes so. "I'm a very slow writer," he says. "I labor over words too much." Please don't tell Telander that the computerized video-display terminal looms on every journalist's horizon. "When it comes to typing," he confides, "sometimes the mechanics just throw me."

Philip D. Hewlett

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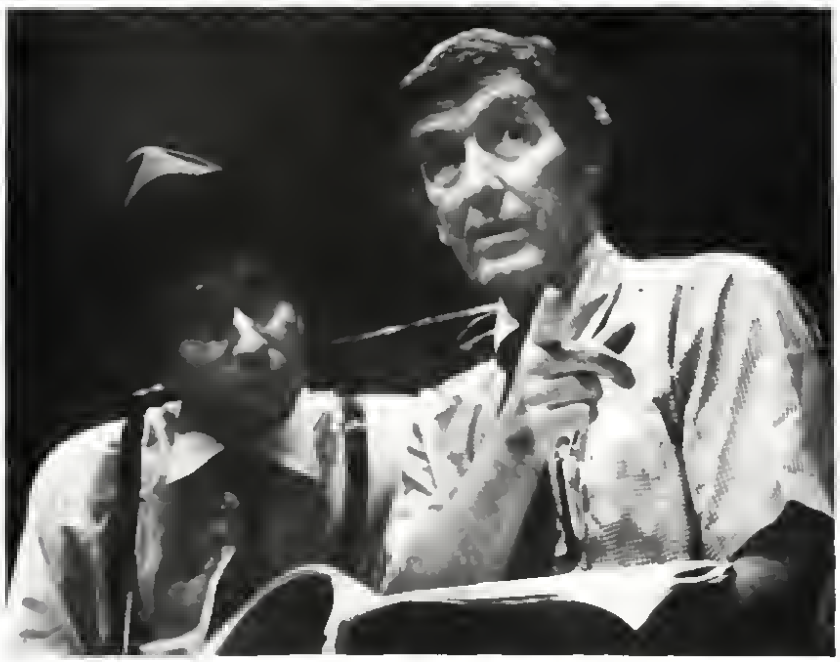
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WHY I'M A UNITED WAY VOLUNTEER



GREGORY FALLS

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Age: 57

Married: Four children

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Sideline

by HARRY MIDDLETON

THE PURPLE BLOOM OF A VERDANT WEED IS AMERICA'S RAREST FLORAL DISPLAY

As the earth loses its wildlife at an ever-increasing rate, the woods are full of untimely and unnatural death. Soon, scientists say, extinction will be an ordinary occurrence, accelerating to the loss of one irreplaceable form of life every hour, until man is left with only his conscience for company.

Concern for animal life has taken our minds off wild plants and flowers, which are having their share of troubles getting along with civilization. Nothing's having a worse time of it than *Phacelia argillacea*, a curious member of the waterleaf family that grows only in the clayey soil along a stretch of railroad bed in Utah County, Utah. There this verdant plant with a deep purple flower is called scorpionweed, a fine and fitting name, considering the deadly looking spines of its bloom, which are all show and no bite. Among the approximately 3,000 wild plants and flowers that are in serious trouble, the scorpionweed is closest to extinction. It's the rarest plant in the U.S. The few that are left grow along 50 miles of the old railroad line, running from Soldier Summit to Point of the Mountain, just beyond Salt Lake City.

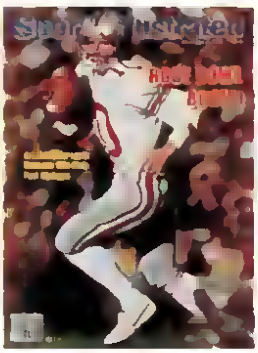
The scorpionweed has been declining ever since its botanical classification in 1883. It's making its last stand with the railroad, an endangered species of another ilk. By the last official count nine plants were left. These are now enclosed inside tiny protective fences.

Late last summer, however, while lunching on a roadside near Thistle, Utah, I caught sight of an odd-looking little plant on the far side of a railroad bed that ran parallel to the highway. The plant was hardy and showed no sign of having one foot in oblivion.

It wasn't until months later, upon reading a U.S. Fish and Wildlife press release announcing the 10 most endangered wild plants and animals, that I learned I'd had the good fortune to come upon *Phacelia argillacea*. Whether it's one of those that are now fenced in, or a glorious tenth, I can't say, but it was there, its unblemished blooms bright against the sky. **END**

SEASON'S GREETINGS.


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Footloose

by BOB OTTUM

THE RIDE & TIE RACE DEMANDS LOTS OF STAMINA AND PLENTY OF HORSE SENSE

Ideally, this story should be written by a horse. Heck, it's only fair: The horses are in a lot better shape than the humans after one of these races. Besides, they get a bit more emotional about it, and the excitement is wildly contagious. There are moments in this race when everybody is snorting and puffing and pawing at the ground, no matter what his species. Another possible approach might be to pretend that a horse is narrating the story. But the problem with both of these devices is that no sensible horse could logically explain why people get so goofy over this event, and we would end up with awkward pauses and contemplative whinnies while the animal stared off into the distance.

So it's probably best just to say that all of this starts on a luminous morning in June of this year with 456 runners jostling to form a starting line stretching across a high mountain meadow near the Nevada-California border. Making up the line are 304 humans and 152 horses, which is a record turnout. The humans wear jogging gear and numbered racing bibs; the horses wear light saddles and have racing numbers painted large on their flanks. Ahead lie roughly 41 miles of trail—rocky, dusty, steep, twisting—and in a moment, all of them are going to race along it, combining riding, running and a lot of thrashing around.

There are gravel fire roads and narrow game trails and occasional slashes of gully where the snowmelt is sending down cool ribbons of water. There are scrub oak and Jeffrey pine at the lower elevations, the latter smelling sweet and faintly of vanilla as they heat up in the bright sunlight. Higher in the mountains, up at around 7,400 feet, where one can look down on Reno lying in the next valley, are thick groves of cedar and aspen. The course snakes in and out of two national forests, Tahoe and Toiyabe, and a section of it follows the original Donner Trail.

"This is the last of the beautiful sporting events," says Dr. Pam Wagner, a veterinarian from Pullman, Wash. She's teamed with her husband, Bill, a regional planner, and *they* are teamed with Snicker, their sleek 8-year-old Arabian, a show horse with large, limpid eyes. "It's a fierce challenge in a fantastic setting," she says. "I suspect the event is a little too . . . too cowboy for most Easterners, though; I think they regard it as just so much ya-hoo and barbecue."

It *is* pretty ya-hoo and barbecue, at that.

Slowly, now, the line starts to take on more order—perhaps like the one that launched the great Oklahoma land rush—and most of the horses are skittering and nervously tossing their heads. The race starter reminds the contestants of the five veterinary checkpoints along the route and cautions that 41-and-something miles is a long way through the mountains for horses and humans alike. And then, with a wave of his hand, he sends them off.

The sound of the charge creates a muffled thunder across the valley floor, with everybody war-whooping, and an advancing wall of dust rises and rolls along behind the horses and runners. Heads swing to follow them into the tree line, and in a matter of moments they've gone and a strange quiet settles back on the meadow. One can hear occasional shouts from deep in the trees as the race proceeds up the mountainside. It is 9:46 a.m. They'll all be off in the hills for the next four hours or so.

Riding and tying has been around for a long, long time, dating back to England at least in the 1700s, a sort of quaint, half-remembered activity that nobody in modern times much thought about until Bud Johns came along. Johns is a big, bearlike man, white-bearded and bespectacled, pleasantly ruminative, in appearance perfect for his job as a vice-president of Levi Strauss, the jeans manufacturer. Back in the '60s, Johns was a newspaperman in San Diego, and it was while he was researching a cowboy story that he happened to turn up the saga of Southern California rancher William Emery and his son, Charles.

"A true story," Johns says. "It was back in the 1870s: A gang of horse thieves struck on a stormy night and made off with 14 of Emery's horses. Heck, he only had 15, but the blackguards somehow overlooked that one horse, and next morning father and son took off after them.

"Here's how they did it. Dad saddled up and followed the trail of the rustlers. Son Charles took off on foot behind him. After a few miles, the old man stopped and tied the horse to a tree, and then *he* took off running. Now, think about it for a minute. By the time the boy gets to where the horse is tied, the boy is tired. But the horse is now rested. The lad jumps on and takes off. Now *he* is resting, more or less, while he's riding. Along the way he passes his dad and yells that he'll ride on for another mile or so and tie the horse."

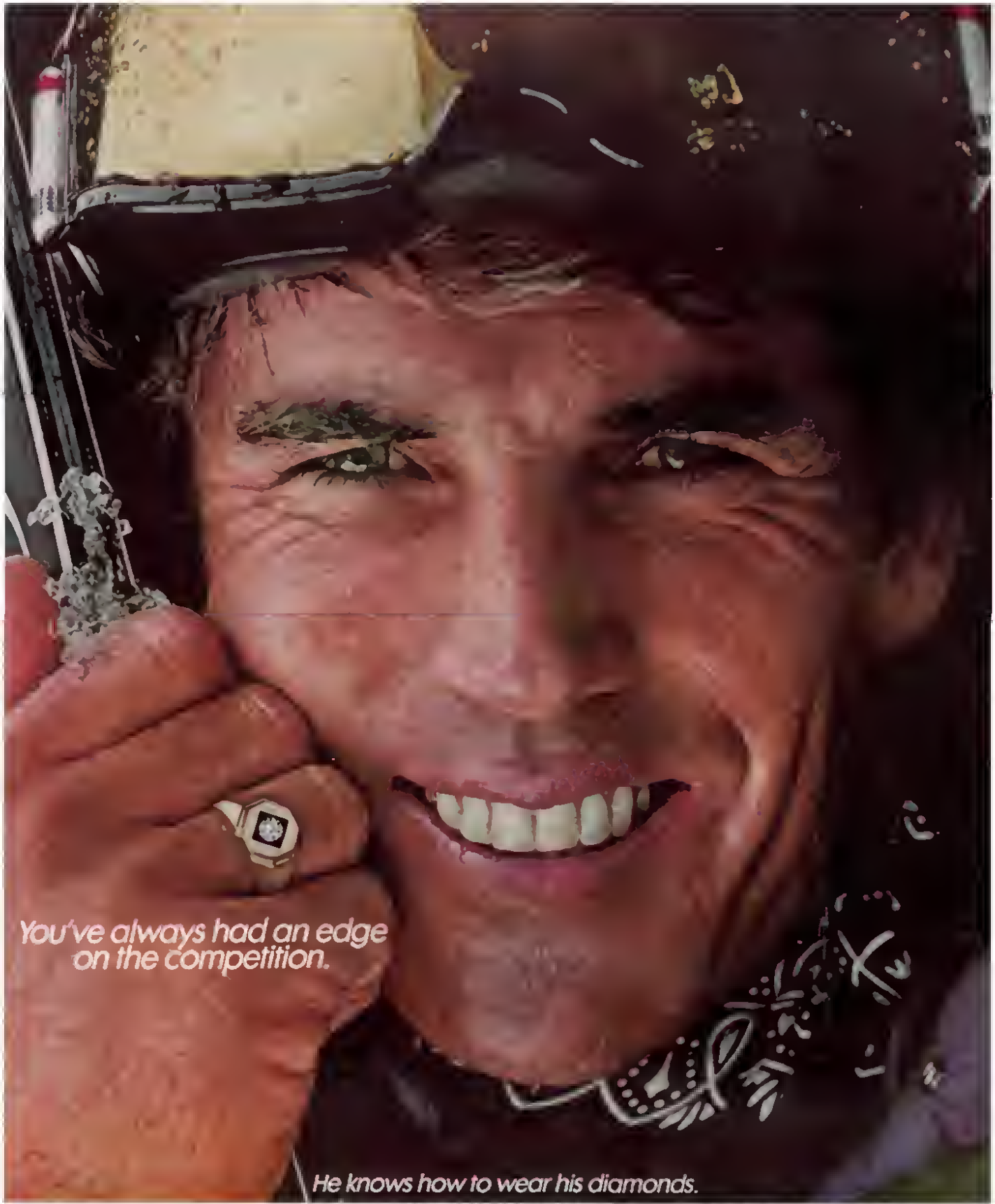
Johns smiles at the wonderful simplicity of it all. "The son does exactly that. Then, refreshed, he jumps off and starts to run again while the horse rests, waiting for Dad to come along the trail. Now, it has been proven that incredible amounts of distance can be covered very quickly in this manner. One horse and one rider could not do it; the horse would collapse and die."

The story lurked in Johns's memory until 11 years later, when he created the first Ride & Tie race as a promotion for Levi's. Now there are some 200 ride-

continued



ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL RAMUS



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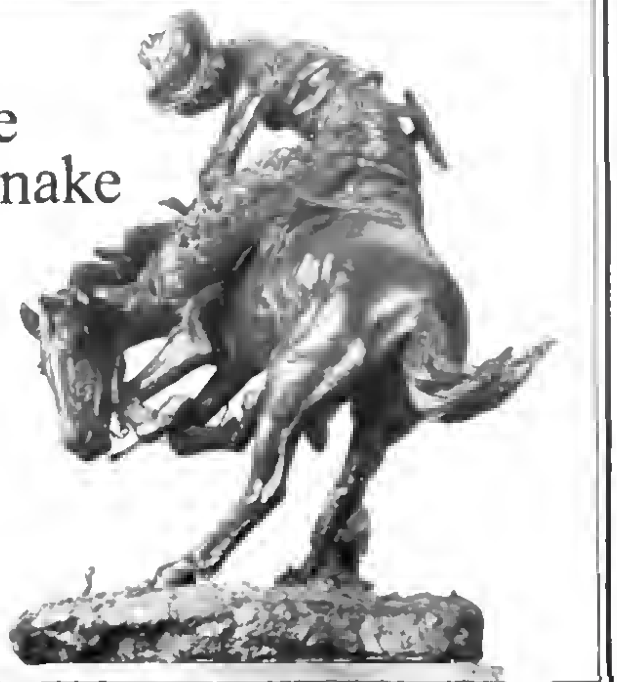
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and-tie events in the U.S. every year, and even some in England and Germany. The Levi's race is considered the world championship.

"And then, doing more research," Johns says, "I discovered. . . ."

Wait a minute, Bud.

He blinks reflectively. "Ahh," he says. "Well, actually, father and son only rode and tied for one day—about 40 miles. Then they took a stagecoach, and finally got their 14 horses back in Mexico."

That's better.

"The rustlers were all shot to death on the spot."

Vet checkpoint No. 2 is swirling under steady explosions of dust; it's up there at 6,600 feet, at an intersection of trails high in the forest. It's a million miles, easy, from civilization, lost among stands of white fir and cedar. Spotted here and there among the wildflowers are giant tree stumps, shattered and blackened by lightning.

The race is getting serious. The riders and runners have all changed color, no matter what color they may have been when they started. They come slogging up the trail with faces and bodies coated with dust. It has painted them all uniformly a gritty tan, and the sweat isn't beading up as it does on ordinary runners. It forms little trails down their bodies, miniature rivers.

And in the 10 or so miles from the start, the horses also have come to look alike. Sleek browns and polished blacks are now all dusty tan; there are no pintos or roans in these mountains. And *that* explains the odd decorative touches seen back at the starting line. Some of the horses had pranced into the race with bits of brightly colored yarn woven into their tails. One horse wore two shiny silver-foil stars tied high on its tail, as if dressed for a disco.

"The reason for putting such stuff on them is that once you're into the race, all the horses get to looking alike," says Joe Cannon, a veterinarian from Sierra Madre, Calif. Cannon is a defending champion of this race, with partner Barrie Grant, also a veterinarian from Pullman, Wash. and their horse, Boomer, a half-Arabian. "The last thing you need is to stagger up, untie some dusty horse, ride off, and then discover, just about the time he throws you into the sagebrush, that he isn't yours."

continued

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Cannon and Grant haven't decorated Boomer. They figure they know his every stance. Tie him to a manzanita bush and Boomer goes around and around it like a carousel horse, impatiently waiting for whichever of his riders is next. There are six mandatory ties in each race, "and you've got to pick just the right bush," Grant says. "Last year, one horse pulled a bush right out of the ground and ran away with it."

"Won his division, though," says Cannon. "Runaway horse pulling scenery."

Off they go, Cannon looking fresh and powerful, the network of veins standing out just as prominently on his legs as on Boomer's. The defending champs are in second place at this juncture, somewhere behind Californians Dave Poston, a carpenter supervisor in Sacramento, and Jim Howard, a phys ed instructor, and their Arabian, Novaloj, all three of whom are flickering through the trees somewhere up ahead. The lead is pretty tenuous, though: Poston has a touch of stomach flu and is carrying a container of aspirin tied to his waist with a thong; he claims that he's popping them like candy. Howard is O.K., however, and Howard has run a 2:18:06 marathon; slow for him is fast for anybody else in this race. As far as they both know, Novaloj is feeling swell.

Well, the horses obviously feel something—their sense of excitement is clear—and they come pounding up to the checkpoint all hot-eyed. They look at the veterinarians with nervous distrust. They're a bit goosey. "Oops," they seem to say, "never touch a horse *there*." Some of the animals lope into sight with their runners tagging close behind, wearily hanging onto the tails to be tugged along. This is perfectly legal; it would also be legal the other way around, if the people had tails.

"This is really three races in one," sighs Bev Gray, 29, a travel agent from Park City, Utah. "It's a horse race; it's a people race, and it's a horses-versus-people race. Terrific. And, golly, it only costs $50 to enter. Well, that plus 10 years off your life."

But cost be durned, it's obvious that the competitors are having the time of their lives. An air of companionship runs deep among contestants in this race, more so than in other sports. All through the week, on starlit evenings, they've been socializing, campfire-hopping, and now they're racing through a sparkling day. The spectators are friends and family, there's no drop-in crowd this high in the mountains. And if the explosions of dust aren't enough to show the way, the trail also is marked with bits of bright ribbon tied to bushes and trees, and poker chips and playing cards a racer has scattered here and there.

Someone who takes it dreadfully seriously points out that this is really an intellectual sport, not at all like, say, marathoning, in which the mind can be allowed to wander while one runs. No sirree, the rides and ties must be meticu-

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lously planned, this competitor says loftily, "because, after all, you're thinking for the horse as well. This is a serious business." And then, just about that time, a youth rides through, all brown and sweaty and bare, wearing what appears to be only a pair of Adidas running shoes and a feather in his hair and slathered with Indian war paint. Nearby, a horse stands quietly with a wet bath towel draped across his eyes, as if suffering from a monumental hangover. Rasping, dry-throated yells from somewhere: "Stop! Stop! Will someone for God's sake stop this damned horse?" Serious business, indeed.

On both sides of the trail, horses are tied to bushes and trees; they're sweating heavily in the bedlam and most keep swinging their heads to look around anxiously. All those tales told around the fires back at the base camp are obviously true—unlikely, but true. Because they race as closely knit teams, the riders and the tiers have an understandable tendency to assume anthropomorphic attitudes toward their animals.

"At the start of every race I have to turn Snicker backward, facing in the opposite direction," says Pam Wagner. "Otherwise, he'd jump the gun and go racing. He's really convinced all the other horses are wrong. Then, after everybody else starts, I wheel him around and we take off."

Snicker is wearing his running shoes, special neoprene pads installed between hoof and shoe, and Bill Wagner says of his horsey teammate, "Pam will tie him up and take off running, and Snicker will stand and watch her go. Then he'll swing around and look back down the trail for me. When he spots me laboring along there, puffing up dust, he'll actually scowl and start to whinny at me, as if to say, 'C'mon! Let's go, dummy! This is a race!' And he'll step around into position so that I can get into the saddle."

According to Bev Gray and her partner, Debra Pack, a ski wholesaler from Park City, Utah, their half-Arabian mare Uinta is as human as any of them. First night at the camp Uinta shook off her tie and sneaked off on a toot. The girls had tracked her like Indians for about six miles before losing her trail. "She came back two days later," says Bev, "maybe a little sadder but wiser, as they used to say about wayward girls. Otherwise, fine." In ride-and-tie races, says Debra, "Uinta loses her sense of horse-ness. She becomes a fellow athlete for a couple of hours."

Mo Sproul, a special projects consultant for American Express, from Weimar, Calif., has designed a special lead so that Raz, her 9-year-old Arabian gelding, can go jogging with her. "We develop a special relationship that way," she says. Last year, one entrant professed to hate Arabians, explaining that his horse was Jewish. "Her name," he told everybody, "is Golda, My Mare."

Texans Ron Norman and Skipper Duncan have done some rodeo riding

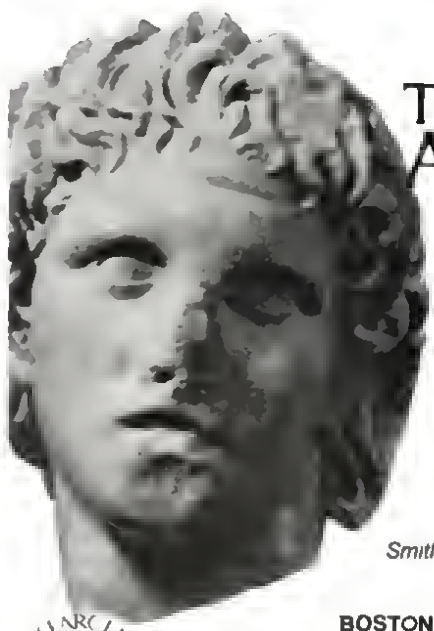
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and calf roping, so they know a human horse when they see one. They're teamed with Lovelock, one of only three quarter horses in this Ride & Tie. Norman suggests that Lovelock is really a *nom de horse*. "Actually," says Norman, "his really honest name is Roany Good Pony, and he's still about half wild." Roany Good Pony nods as if to confirm this fact. He paws a couple of times.

"Wild? Listen," says Duncan, "this here horse was caught on the open range in Nevada, running with the wild mustangs. He was so wild he was five years old before anybody could get close enough to rope him. Then it was another three years before anybody could slap a bridle on him. I mean, wild."

Roany Good Pony blinks languidly.

How old is he?

"Oh, he's maybe eight," says Duncan. He and the horse exchange glances. "Put down nine," Duncan says.

"Ah, ah, ah, don't stand too close to him," Norman warns. "He's still full of hate."

"Want to know how he trained for this here race?" asks Duncan. "He roped 40 calves last Wednesday and drug 'em to branding, that's how."

Well, then. What is it that Roany Good Pony hates most of all?

"Oh, my God." Duncan looks around warily. Then he half turns away from the horse and leans over and whispers it. "Helicopters."

Roany looks up, quickly scanning the sky and the nearby tree line.

It's all true, what they say

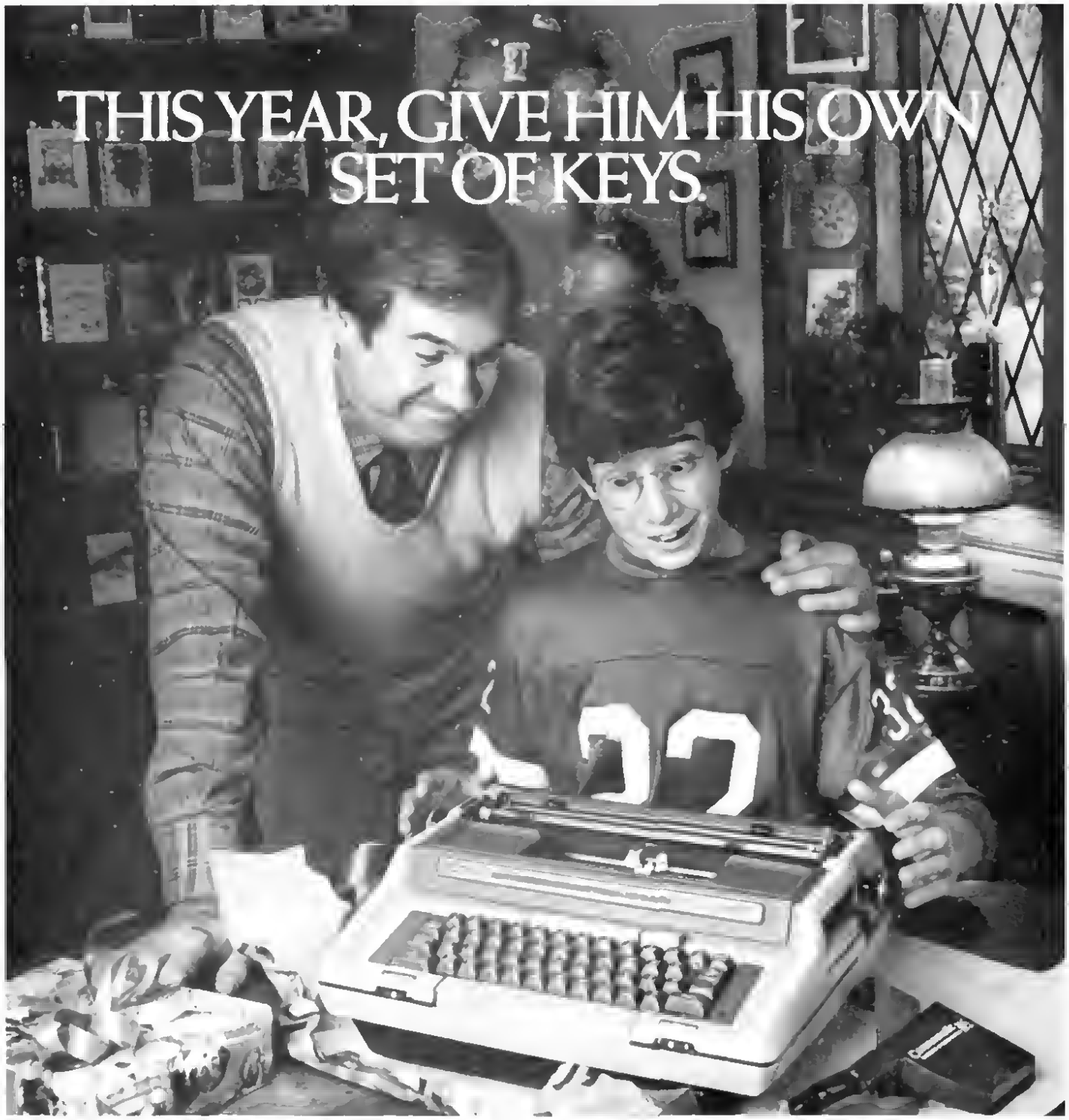
It seems ironic at first that there are five medical checkpoints for the animals and none for the humans, but it begins to make more sense as the race goes on. The runners are fiercely protective of their animals, and all are aware that this type of competition is considerably harder on horses than it is on people. Indeed, several of the riders and tiers are veterinarians. Over the years it seems to have become their sport; they're like the people doctors who are all out playing golf on Wednesday afternoons.

"Charging down steep, jagged slopes full of loose rock is particularly hard on horses," says Cannon. "That's because about 60 to 65% of a horse's weight is in the front; a horse's center of gravity is just behind the elbow."

Chief vet Dr. Linda Blythe sees the

continued

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horses as 1,000-pound athletes subject to all sorts of racing perils. "Heat exhaustion is perhaps the biggest danger," she says. "A horse will lose about 10 or 15 pounds in this race. They come in all steamed up, of course; their recovery rate is the big factor at the vet check. Temperature and respiration have to quickly return to normal; if they don't, we order a 10-minute break. That's tough on a competitor, but it's necessary. If the horse isn't ready to run after three such breaks, he's out of the race." There's also the matter of lameness. "Myositis is an inflammation of the muscles due to fatigue or improper circulation," Dr. Blythe says. "It's much like . . . I guess I might as well say it: Myositis is just like a charley horse."

Brightly colored banners have been strung across a portion of the meadow for the return of the runners and horses. It is getting on toward 1:40 p.m., and the walkie-talkie radios begin to crackle with the news that the leading team is near. Sure enough, three heads become visible, bobbing along through the tall grass that sweeps and bends like a green ocean in front of them.

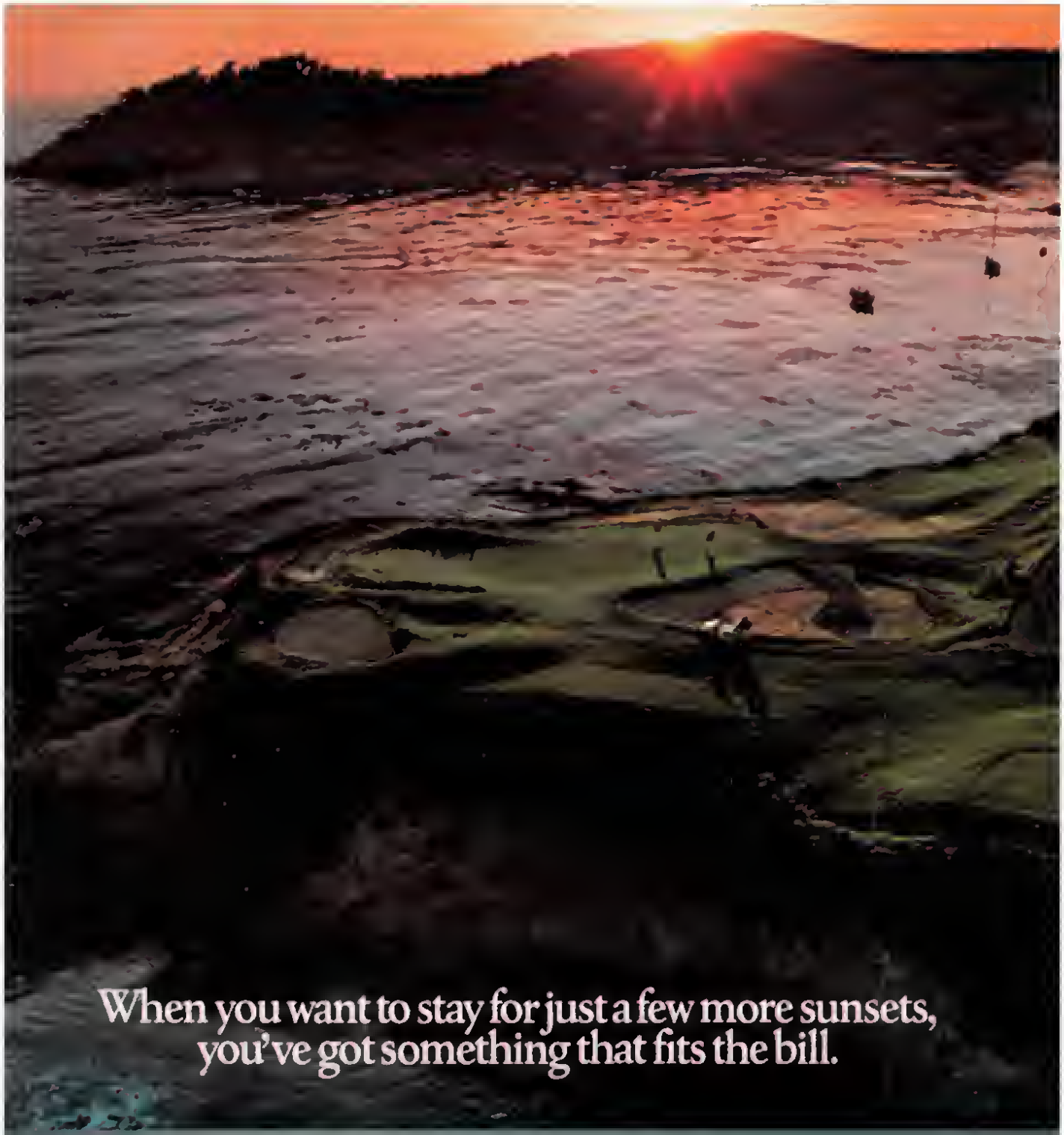
It turns out that the leaders have led all the way. At 1:48.50 p.m., Poston and Howard and Novaloj come surging across the line, the horse tossing his head and the runners raising clenched fists in triumph. They have covered the 41-plus miles in 4.02.26 hours, which converts to a rough but stunning 5.9-minute-mile pace up, over and down the mountains. Poston, who is 38, doesn't so much dismount as slide off Novaloj like melting butter. He hands the horse over to some friends. "Keep him walking," he says. "He's still full of energy." And then he sweeps up his partner in a mighty hug. Howard, 27, is absolutely and totally flogged; he sinks to the grass, where he is going to remain for about the next half hour.

"We had the race planned almost down to the exact trees for tying," says Poston. "We were paced so that we ran the horse flat out over the last three miles."

A blood test is mandatory for the winner, and now a veterinarian asks the question formally, as is required: "Has this horse had any drugs in the past 24 hours?"

Poston sighs and smiles wanly. "No,"

continued



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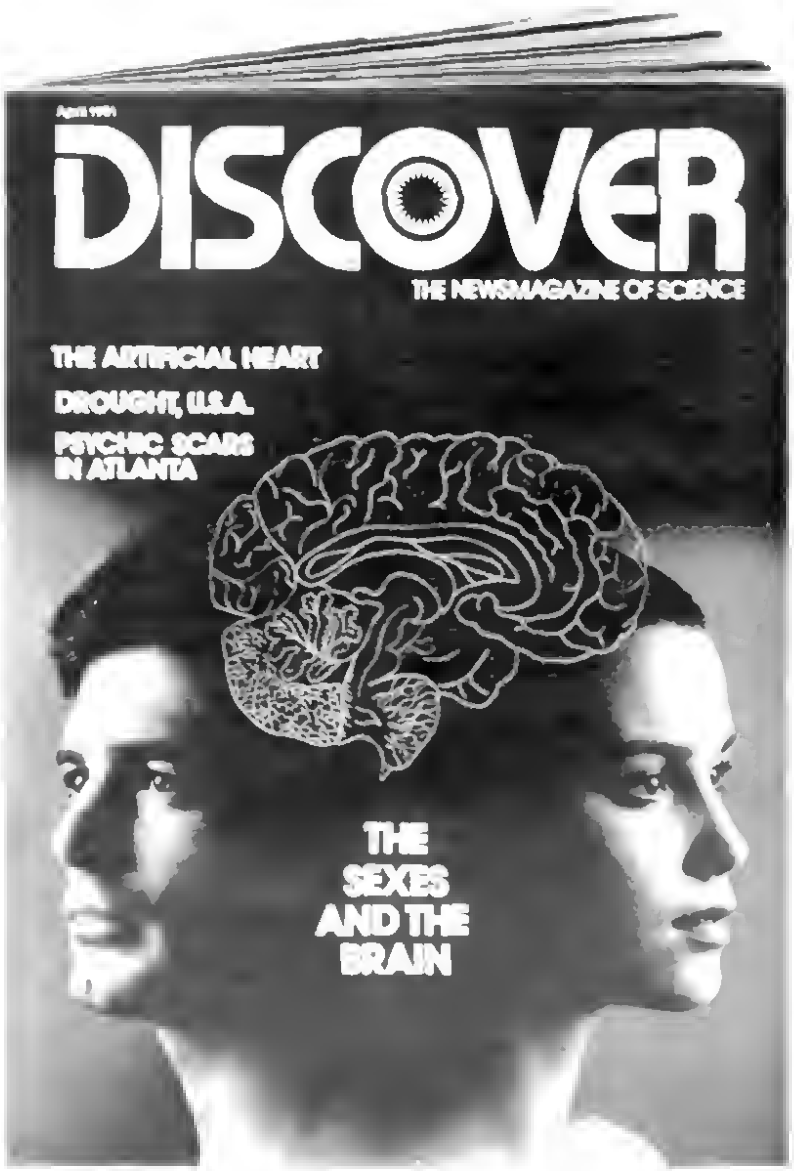
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he says "The horse is just fine. But Jim and I are borderline."

While the blood is being drawn, Novaloj is hand-fed fresh, chilled peaches He munches them delicately, nibbling with care around the stone in each peach, while other eager helpers pour buckets of cold water over his neck and shoulders He doesn't even flinch at the veterinarian's needle

In the next 10 minutes ex-champions Grant and Cannon and Boomer come in; they had been closing fast, passing four teams in the five miles between the last checkpoint and the finish line. All three teammates are still full of fight.

More competitors come flowing in, and in the welcoming tumult, one plaintive common cry carries through the crowd: "Beer? Anybody got a cold beer? I'd *kill* for a beer. I won't trade my horse, but I'll trade my partner for a beer."

"Nice thing about this sport is that it doesn't take itself seriously," says Johns. "For one thing, it's the mix of competitors. We've got some terribly wealthy veterinarians and ranchers, and some poor folks, and some people who, as they say, play piano in a whorehouse It's not highly publicized, like the Masters or the Derby. But, in a strange way, maybe that's what's so nice about it The people who know, know."

And somewhere back there in the cloud of mountain dust—in 94th place to be exact—Roany Good Pony is still working out his hatreds It's awfully hard to gallop and watch for helicopters at the same time

Everybody swears that this has been the best race ever, a vintage year for Ride & Tie And Johns allows that his growing sport may have reached a peak—from now on, 152 teams will probably be the limit. The winners this year will make off with cash prizes in various categories, from $5,800 down to $50, and there are certificates awarded for Levi's shirts and jeans and stuff. Some will get cowboy hats, and the winning team, boots. And every finisher gets a classy Levi's Ride & Tie belt buckle

Well, everybody but the horses.

The winning horse and the best-conditioned horse will each win a Levi's denim horse blanket

So maybe it really is best that a horse didn't narrate this story after all He'd surely have had something pithy to say about that. **END**

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BOOKTALK

by ART HILL

EVERYTHING YOU WILL EVER WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THE BLAZERS—AND MORE

There is a manner of writing, employed by the best reporters when they go book-length, which implies that the writer knows at least as much about his subject as God does, and maybe a little more—perhaps because God knows when to avert His gaze. They don't surmise, they *know*. In *The Best and the Brightest*, David Halberstam told us everything we ever wanted to know about how we messed up in Vietnam. In *The Powers That Be*, Halberstam did the same for *The Washington Post*, *Los Angeles Times*, CBS and Time Inc. Now, in *The Breaks of the Game* (Alfred A. Knopf, $15), he applies his reportorial skills to professional basketball with equally comprehensive effect.

There is a limit to the amount of information I can absorb at one sitting, and Halberstam continually tests it in this book, as he did in the earlier ones. This isn't a knock, but homage from someone who gave up reporting at an early age because he was reluctant to ask anything more penetrating than "How do you think the team will do this week, Coach?"

Halberstam made his reputation in the early '60s as the young *New York Times* reporter who actually went out into the country in Vietnam when other reporters stayed in Saigon. And he is not afraid to ask much tougher questions than most NBA reporters. And obviously people answer him. I am impressed both by his knowledge and by his ability to impart it. Basketball has never been my favorite sport, and I guess it never will be, but I now have a deeper understanding of the game and a far greater appreciation of the problems, both physical and mental, of the men who play it.

Basketball was conceived by Dr. Naismith as a non-contact sport, but it hasn't turned out that way. Players are forever getting bumped and knocked down and hurt. And because today's players can jump to remarkable heights, the sport puts tremendous strain on their feet and knees. It's disturbing to learn how often the resulting ailments are eased with Butazolidin, the drug that got Dancer's Image disqualified after he had won the 1968 Kentucky Derby.

A disproportionate share of the players' mental distress has to do with money. I would have thought it unlikely that I could feel much compassion for young men making the kind of money I normally associate only with Saudi princes and the Rolling Stones, and it's a tribute to Halberstam that he is able to make me do so. The average pro basketball player, it appears, is a running, jumping, dunking package of neuroses. And money, while a specific for this condition, is also at the core of what ails him. Big money is especially troubling. The fringe player is happy just to be there, making a meager 50 or 60 thou a year. But the $300,000-a-year star on a long-term contract is embittered because some player he considers less useful is making $400,000. The money, while appreciated for the usual reasons, is almost more important as a measure of success—a tangible way of keeping score in the game most people play.

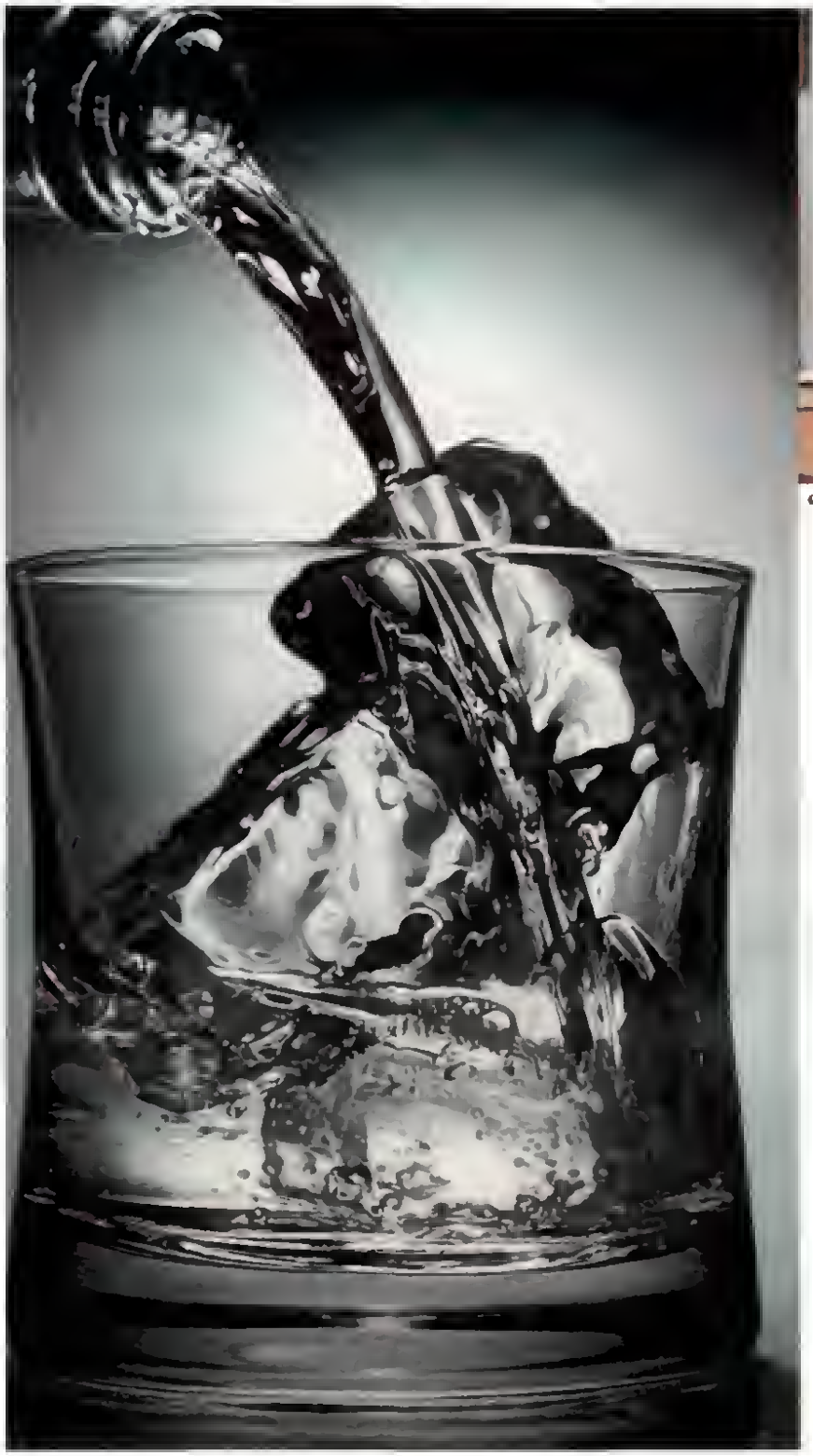
They play it much harder in the tall trade, says Halberstam, because, while we may think of our sports stars as heroes, "the new American athlete, particularly the modern American professional basketball player . . . was rarely confident about anything save his own sport . . . he was more often than not black, often came from pathetic economic and psychological circumstances, was a basketball player out of desperation. . . . He remained as aware of where he had started as where he had ended, and how easily he might return."

The framework on which *The Breaks of the Game* is constructed is a single season (1979-80) in the history of the Portland Trail Blazers, who were in transition after having won the league championship only three years before. But there is much more here and not just about the Trail Blazers. With flashbacks and side trips, the book becomes a history of that franchise, with emphasis on Bill Walton and the championship year (1976-77), and, too, almost a history of modern (*i.e.*, predominantly black) professional basketball.

Here you will meet such varied and complex personalities as Marvin Barnes, who some experts say is one of the best natural talents ever to come into the NBA and who destroyed his career with

continued

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drugs and passionate insouciance—"the last innocent," Walton called him. Kermit Washington, who fled from a posh Hollywood party because the movie people were sniffing cocaine. Abdul Qadir Jeelani (born Gary Cole), a shy young man who liked Rome better than Portland but yearned for the kind of recognition you cannot find as "the king of spaghetti basketball". Maurice Lucas, educated, intelligent, married to a Harvard graduate, yet tormented by the belief that his $300,000 salary was somehow demeaning.

And there's the great Walton himself—born with feet so bad that doctors marveled at his ever becoming an athlete at all, obsessed with winning even in a team scrimmage or a picnic soccer game. During the '77 playoffs he worried that Philadelphia might be eliminated, denying him the opportunity to test himself in the championship series against Julius Erving, George McGinnis and Darryl Dawkins.

Why did Halberstam pick Portland as the subject of his book? Possibly because it has an interesting coach, Jack Ramsay, whom Halberstam clearly admires, and an owner, Larry Weinberg, who is not typical of the species. He has a social conscience and shuns publicity. And I was much taken with Stu Inman, the player personnel director, who loves teams with colorful nicknames and delights in scouting the Maine Lumberjacks, the Hawaiian Volcanoes or the Anchorage Northern Knights. He is therefore especially charmed by the fact that Ramsay once played in the car pool, semi-pro Eastern League for a team called the Sunbury Mercuries. Inman also loves professional basketball so much that he doesn't want to coach it—not, one gathers, because he might fail, but for fear that it might sour him on the game.

Billy Ray Bates. Wayne Embry. David Twardzik. The subtleties of the game. Apparently it is as fraught with nuance as a Pinter play—which is why good teams often get worse after acquiring a superstar. There are many intriguing people and there is much good stuff in *The Breaks of the Game*. If you're a sports fan, it's a good bet you'll enjoy this book even if you have been lukewarm about the sport. If you're a basketball nut, it's my guess you'll still learn a few things from it. And even if you're not a fan, you'll enjoy Halberstam's reportage. END



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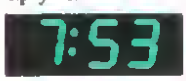
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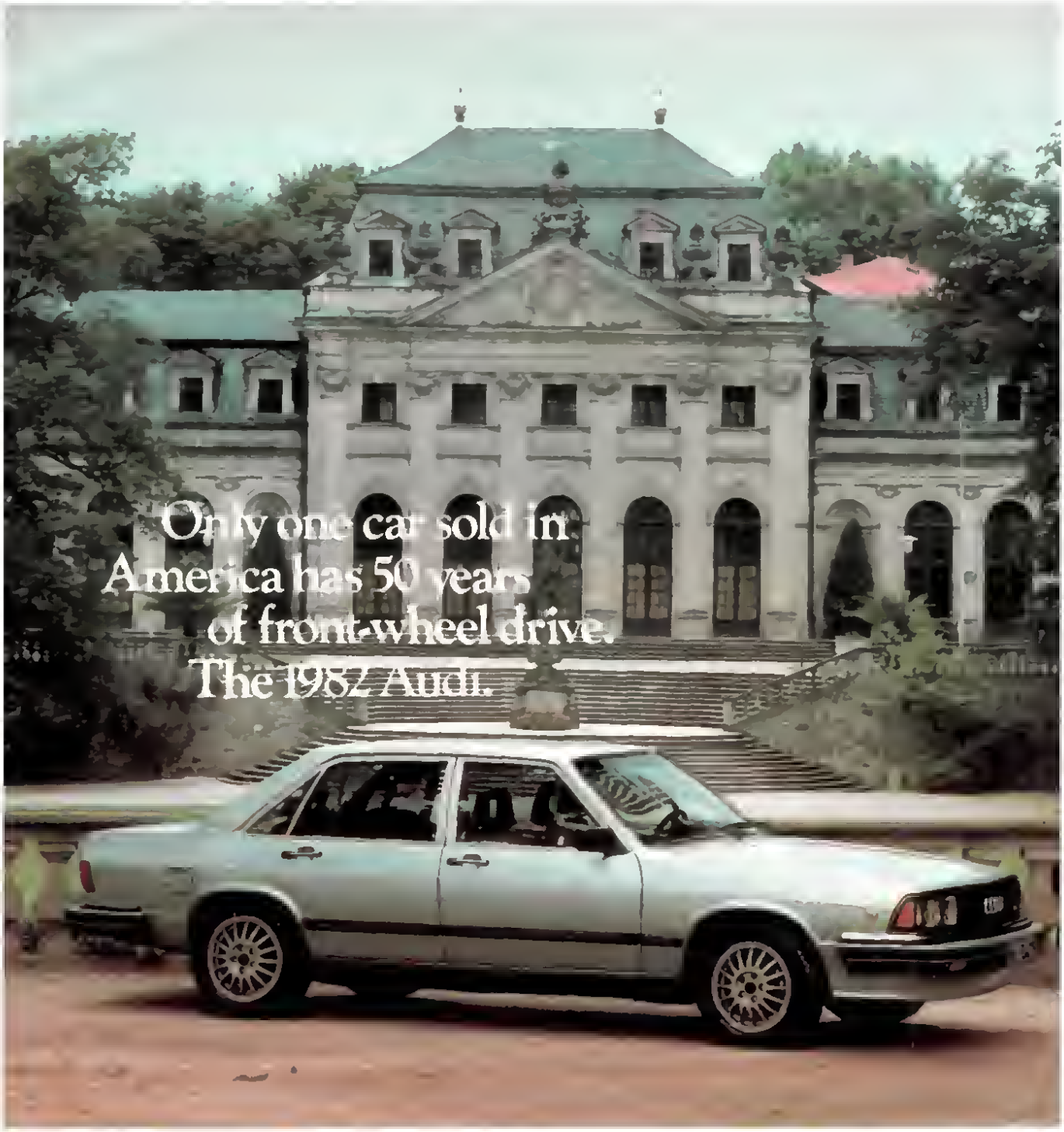
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Edited by MYRA GELBAND

THE MORE THINGS CHANGE...

Last September, Diane Shah, a thrice-weekly sports columnist for the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner*, was on her way into the Rams' locker room after their home game against Green Bay when she was politely stopped at the door by a guard. A few minutes later a team official explained that it was the Rams' policy that women are not allowed in the locker room.

"I'm so naive, I really thought I'd get in," Shah said last week. After unsuccessful private negotiations with the club, and a futile attempt to meet personally with the Rams' Georgia Frontiere, who is also the only woman owner in the NFL, Shah went public with her complaint in a "Dear Georgia" column on Oct. 1. Invoking Frontiere's own words, Shah wrote that she too was "just a girl trying to make an honest living."

Two weeks ago, the newspaper took the Rams to court and a hearing date was tentatively set for Dec. 22, two days after L.A.'s last regular-season game. Meanwhile, at the team's suggestion, the U.S. District Court judge assigned to the case issued a restraining order requiring that the Rams offer equal access to all members of the press. In time for the Nov. 22 game against San Francisco, which the Rams lost 33–31, a small, dingy room adjacent to the locker room was quickly transformed into a formal interview area, complete with fully stocked bar and female tender. It took more than an hour for the requested players to make their appearances, and most of the writers eventually opted to go to the 49ers' locker room, which, as a result of a recent similar court action brought by *The Sacramento Bee*, was open to everyone.

Ironically, discrimination is the one subject that Shah and Frontiere have actually discussed.

"Back in June, when I first came to L.A., I spent a couple of weeks trying to familiarize myself with the area, the teams and the people I'd be covering," Shah recalls. "One day I dropped in to the Oakland Raiders' antitrust trial and was introduced to Georgia Frontiere. I told her that I wanted to write my first column about her. She advised me, wisely I think, against it. Too much like girls writing about girls, she cautioned. Then she gave me a concerned warning about the press. The media, she said, had treated her unfairly just because she was a woman. She wanted me to be aware that there were people out there who might discriminate against me for the same reason."

REVVIN' UP FOR KEVIN

Under new NBA rules governing free agents, the Washington Bullets were able to hold on to Guard Kevin Grevey for the 1981-82 season by agreeing to match a bid for him by the Indiana Pacers. But exercise of this "right of first refusal" isn't as simple as it seems. That the Bullets must match the Pacers' base salary offer of $1.4 million over four years is clear-cut. However, Indiana's promise to give Grevey, an auto-racing buff, four coveted penthouse seats for each of the next four Indy 500s is another matter. How will Washington match that one?

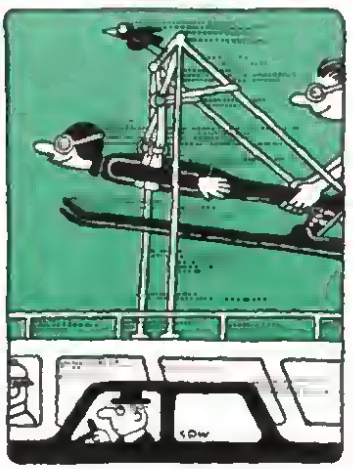
Easy, says Bullet General Manager Bob Ferry, we'll give Grevey the face value of the tickets—$65 each. Not so fast, Bob. Because penthouse seats are hard to come by at any price—tickets in specific locations are handed down as family heirlooms in the wills of longtime Indy-goers—Grevey would understandably prefer the tickets themselves. But the Bullets don't have the same pull at Indy as the hometown Pacers do, and Grevey's lawyer, Scott Lang, says wistfully, "Whether or not the Bullets can get them remains to be seen."

FLY THE FRIENDLY VAN

For the last few months, motorists in the Colorado towns of Winter Park, Frisco, Kremmling and Steamboat Springs have been visited by a strange apparition: a man, clad in a skintight jump suit, goggles and a crash helmet, wearing heavy, wide, jumping skis, suspended in the prone position while harnessed to a six-foot scaffold atop a speeding green and white van, attended by two men who themselves were lashed to the roof of the vehicle. No, it wasn't some highway variation of a medieval torture, just a member of the U.S. Nordic combined team (cross-country skiing and ski jumping) putting in "air time" during the snowless season. And the two handlers were teammates making sure that his body and skis remained in a stable and aerodynamically correct jumping position.

The bizarre training exercise was invented by Steve Gaskill, head coach of the five-man combined team. "In the U.S. and other countries, wind-tunnel testing is used for skiers and jumpers," says Gaskill, "but to simulate ski jumping we really needed to hang a person without any resistance around him."

Because a jumper taking off from a 70-



meter hill travels at about 56 mph, the team van usually slightly exceeded the speed limit. Gaskill ensured that their training sessions would be uninterrupted by briefing the Colorado Highway Patrol. Just don't do it on the Interstate, he was told, and, please, not during rush hours.

For each 10-minute session Gaskill used a straight, level 1½-mile stretch of lightly traveled road, over which he had each jumper "fly" four times. The participants found the exercise far more demanding than an actual jump, which takes between five and eight seconds.

"Hanging from the harness cuts your wind a little bit," says Kerry Lynch, a good bet for a medal at the world Nordic combined championships in Oslo this

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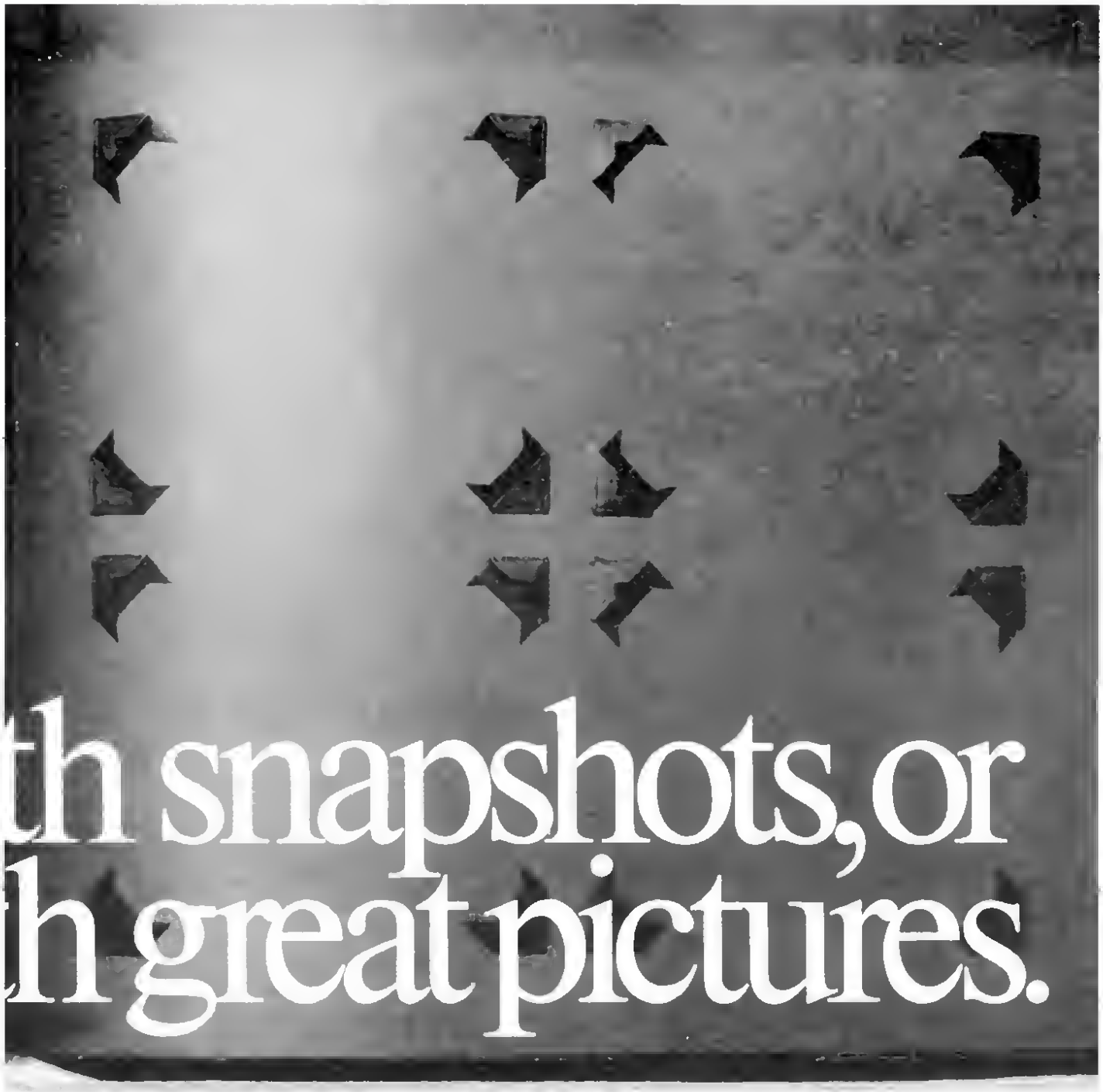
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February. "To hold your best aerodynamic position for that long is quite exhausting. There is no sensation of falling. You're out there on the peak of a ride. The wind feels just as it does in an actual jump, with the air flow coming up from the windshield of the van. I feel more confident now, knowing exactly what position I have to reach in the air. I just must make sure I *jump* into that position."

Now that the snow season is here, Lynch will be able to practice on a real hill. Meanwhile, Gaskill is working on a refinement of his van-top contraption that lets the skiers actually jump into flight. And if mastering that doesn't enable them to win medals, at least it should get them jobs with the circus.

THE SENIOR CLASS IS THE BACKFIELD

You've heard of Student Body Right, that vaunted Southern Cal play in which Marcus Allen sweeps downfield behind a phalanx of Trojan blockers? Well, with all due respect for USC, Bob Dilday, coach of the Gleason (Tenn.) High School Bulldogs, could use the term Student Body Right—and Student Body Left and Student Body Center—more literally. One of the smallest public high schools in Tennessee, Gleason High has just 63 boys in its student body of 155, yet 45 of the 63 played on the football team. Making the most of the available talent, Gleason High this season had an 8–3 record.

BAIT AND SWITCH

Last week the NCAA did something it had never done before in its 75-year history: It put on national championships for women. These were in cross-country, and North Carolina State's Betty Springs and the University of Virginia won the Division I individual and team titles. By the end of this academic year the NCAA will have conducted tournaments in a dozen women's sports, an area previously governed by the AIAW, which holds championships in 19 sports, including cross-country. (Iowa State won the AIAW cross-country meet, held in Pocatello, Idaho two days before the NCAA race in Wichita, Kans.)

The future of the AIAW, for the past decade the banner-bearer of women's collegiate athletics, is now threatened by the NCAA, which until last year was uninterested in or hostile to women's sports. At present, most schools are having to choose membership in one group or the other.

"Many people are thinking that the AIAW will cease to exist within a year," says Tom Heinonen, the women's cross-country and track and field coach at the University of Oregon, which finished second in the NCAA meet. "And it's purely for financial reasons. The AIAW lost a large share of its income with the loss of dues from schools that switched to the NCAA."

The AIAW, however, isn't rolling over. It has brought an antitrust suit against the NCAA, seeking to bar it from holding women's championships. That case will probably come to trial in the spring, but by then the exodus to the NCAA may be nearly complete. The top five teams from last year's AIAW meet went to the NCAAs in Wichita, and of the top 10 teams this year, only two, Iowa State and Wisconsin, chose to participate in the AIAWs in Pocatello.

A MOVING EXPERIENCE

Being situated in Canton, N.Y., only 20 miles from the Canadian border, the folks at St. Lawrence University have had to deal with some extreme conditions when it comes to athletic contests. A football game against RPI last month was "snowed under" when a blizzard dumped so much white stuff during the game that officials couldn't locate yard markers or measure downs. A baseball game against Colgate in 1976 was "sunned out," called because the glare in the batter's box was so dazzling as to temporarily blind the batter, catcher and umpire. And playing indoors is no cinch. Now St. Lawrence has had a basketball game "moved."

The Saints were playing Geneseo State in a tournament at Potsdam, N.Y. two weeks ago when, with eight minutes remaining in the first half and St. Lawrence leading 20–8, the arena went dark, the result of a power blackout caused by a car hitting a utility pole. As players and spectators waited patiently in obscurity, tournament officials called around and found an available gymnasium at Clarkson College, a few miles away. Both teams piled into vans and cars, followed by some 100 fans, and the caravan made its way through the darkened town to resume the game, one hour and eight minutes after it was blacked out. St. Lawrence, accustomed to unusual interruptions, went on to an easy victory, 93–58.

NO WONDER THE BUDGET IS SPARTAN

Those two distinguished Michigan State alums, Federal Budget Director David Stockman ('68) and Los Angeles Dodger First Baseman Steve Garvey ('71), didn't know each other during the lone year, 1967-68, that both were on campus at the same time. Hard though it is to believe, Stockman was then a self-styled radical, while Garvey was, as he put it recently to SI's Jill Lieber, "in my short-haired athlete stage. At that time there was quite a separation." Also, Stockman was then a senior, Garvey a freshman.

Though Garvey, now 32, is still a short-haired athlete, much has happened to him since college days. He has undergone a political transformation (from a boyhood admiration for JFK to support of Ford and Reagan); he has been burned by a magazine article (an *Inside Sports* piece for which he and his now-estranged wife Cyndy reportedly received $100,000 in a libel settlement), and he admits he's considering running for the U.S. Senate when his baseball career ends. All of which gives him a lot in common with Stockman, who has also changed politically; has been stung by a magazine story, the now-famous *Atlantic Monthly* article, and is also mentioned as a potential candidate for the Senate.

Might these two sons of Michigan State run for the Senate against each other? Not likely. While Stockman presumably would make his bid in Michigan, the Florida-born Garvey says he would almost certainly run in California, where he now lives and where "I've established a base."

THEY SAID IT

• Mike McCormack, coach of the hapless Baltimore Colts after the team's co-captain, Offensive Guard Robert Pratt, pulled a hamstring running onto the field for the coin toss against St. Louis: "I'm going to send the injured reserve players out for the toss next time."

• Joe Frazier, who has announced his return to the ring, asked what would happen if he were matched against his son, Marvis, also a heavyweight: "If I said, 'Fall down,' he's going to fall down. I'm still his father."

• Bill Lee, Montreal Expo pitcher, discussing the documentary film about him that opened recently in a Montreal theater: "It's part of my 'Save Montreal' program. The rest of it involves cutting the heads off parking meters." **END**

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Sports Illustrated
DECEMBER 7, 1981

It Was The Pits For Pitt

Penn State escaped from a deep hole to send Pittsburgh plummeting from No. 1

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

On a hot day in Pittsburgh last summer, Pitt Coach Jackie Sherrill talked candidly about his football team, saying, "We're a year away from a national championship." On a cold day in Pittsburgh last week, it was proven that Sherrill knew what he was talking about.

In another stunning turn of events in this stunning college football season, undefeated and No. 1-ranked Pitt was crushed 48–14 Saturday by 11th-ranked Penn State. That it was *only* 48–14 was because of Nittany Lion Coach Joe Paterno's decision to leave the jugular intact once he had undeniable evidence that the Panthers were mortally wounded.

It was a suitable ending to a year in which almost everybody's preseason No. 1, Michigan, was whipped by Wisconsin—a team it hadn't lost to since 1962—in its opening game. That upset seemed to make everyone believe in fairy tales. In succession, Notre Dame, Southern California, Texas and Penn State itself rose to No. 1, and in succession, each was *continued*



Jackson pirouetted past a defender and danced to the TD that got State going.


82

promptly thrashed. Alabama disgraced itself early with a loss to Georgia Tech, and thus the Crimson Tide never got to the top. And undefeated Clemson, a new boy among the biggies and thus still regarded with suspicion, didn't make it to No. 1—until now.

Pitt played a weak schedule—Florida State, which ended with a 6–5 record, was the only first-rate opponent among the Cincinnatis, Rutgerses and Armys. Still, the Panthers were winning so impressively that they seemed to be a year ahead of Sherrill's schedule. That was because his junior quarterback, Dan Marino, clearly had developed into one of the best in the land, as evidenced by his second-place ranking in the NCAA stats for passing efficiency, behind BYU senior Jim McMahon. More startling was that the Pitt defense, so tough last year but so inexperienced this, led the NCAA Division I in total defense going into Saturday's game, allowing only 203.9 yards a game. (Penn State would roll up 434.) The Panthers also led the nation in rushing defense with an average of 51.4 yards per game (the Nittany Lions would more than treble that with 187) and were fourth in scoring defense, allowing an average of only 9.2 points.

But Sherrill is nobody's fool, and while walking about on the splotchy wet Astroturf carpet of Pitt Stadium an hour before game time, with the collar of his yellow blazer turned up to fight off the cold and snow flurries, he said, "I tell you, we only have four players who could start on offense for Penn State. They have seven who could start for Pittsburgh."



Blackledge's heroic effort included rushing for one score and throwing for two more.

One of the players Sherrill thought could start for Penn State was Marino. That figures; with his stats and his size—6′ 4″, 215 pounds—he could start for almost anybody in the NFL. But on this gray afternoon, Marino was only the second-best signal caller on the field as the Nittany Lions' Todd Blackledge, the much-maligned Todd Blackledge, decisively outquarterbacked Marino, much to the amazement of the 60,260 fans on hand. He completed 12 of 23 passes for 262 yards, while Marino threw almost twice as many times for only five yards more; Blackledge had one interception, Marino four.

"I make big plays," says Blackledge, "and I make big mistakes." And therein lies his main flaw. By the fourth game of his freshman year, 1980, he was starting. That's good. But in that game, against Missouri, he threw three interceptions and had two fumbles. That's bad. He also ran 43 yards for the winning touchdown against the Tigers. That's good. With

The Nittany Lions pounced on loose balls all day: Chet Parlavecchio (left) recovered a Pitt fumble early in the third quarter and Gattuso







Penn State trailing Miami by three points this year, he threw an interception at the end of the game with the Nittany Lions needing a win to preserve their No. 1 rating. That's bad. But against Notre Dame two weeks ago, he led Penn State on a fourth-period, 82-yard drive for the decisive touchdown. That's good. On and on.

All of this was doubly distressing to Penn State fans because they had hoped so desperately to ride Blackledge's arm to that elusive first national championship, something not even back-to-back undefeated seasons (in 1968 and '69) had done, because the voters in the polls thought there were too many patsies on the Nittany Lions' schedule. Now, with Paterno serving as athletic director as well as head coach, Penn State has rectified that shortcoming and is pursuing the crown more ardently than ever. Indeed, when Paterno was recruiting Blackledge, the son of former Kent State Football Coach Ron Blackledge, he told him, "You're the kind of quarterback we need to win a national championship." That is heavy baggage for a young man.

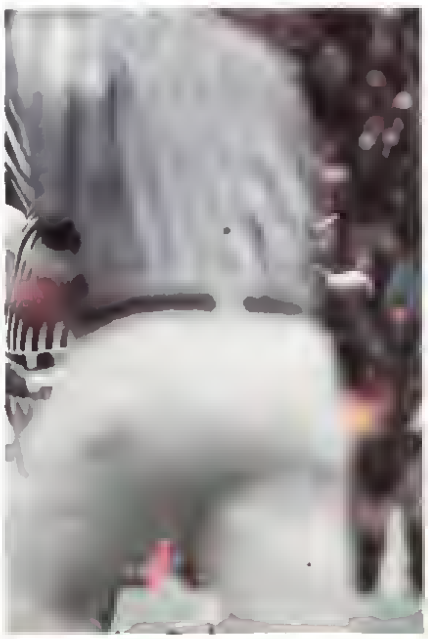
In the first quarter of the bitter intrastate rivalry, Pitt seemed intent on adding to that burden. On the Panthers' first two possessions, Marino got two touchdowns, both on passes to Flanker Dwight Collins. "I wasn't that panicked," said Paterno, who had every right to be just that at the end of the first quarter with Pitt leading 14–0 and having gained 164 yards to Penn State's *minus* four. "But I did know that you can't run three plays, turn the ball over to them at midfield and expect to be in it very long." Still, the very scenario Paterno described seemed destined to be played out when, on the Panthers' third possession—after three more plays and a punt by Penn State—Marino marched his troops to the Nittany Lions' 31. But he then threw a looping pass into the end zone that was intercepted by Penn State's Roger Jackson.

At the time that seemed to provide nothing but a breather for the Nittany Lions. Later it was clear it had meant everything, because had Pitt established a 21–0 advantage that early, Penn State would not only have been mentally shattered but, almost surely, would also have been forced to play gambling football with all too predictable and dire results. As it was, Blackledge then moved his team on a tentative, penalty-aided drive—"I kept telling myself to keep my poise and keep calm," he said—that ended with a two-yard scoring plunge by Fullback Mike Meade.

Then came the most telling play of the afternoon. With 3:05 left in the half and Penn State still smarting from the embarrassment of its first-quarter ineptitude and facing a second and one on its own 39, Paterno sent Flanker Kenny Jackson (Roger's younger brother) in with the call for the bomb. "All it is is Kenny runs as fast as he can and I throw as far as I can," said Blackledge. A little pump fake cleared out the defensive clutter, and Jackson grabbed the ball and scooted to the Pitt 8. Then Blackledge ran a perfectly executed quarterback draw for the score, and it was 14–14 at halftime.

Shortly after play resumed Pitt fumbled and Blackledge threw a 42-yard pass to Kenny Jackson, who did a startling 320-degree spin at the 10 to elude Safety Tom Flynn and race in for a touchdown. Penn State, 21–14. Less than three minutes later Blackledge again hit Jackson, this time for 45 yards and another TD. Penn State, 28–14, and only six minutes gone in the second half. Asked later if he had ever been so wide-open for a reception as he was for the 45-yarder, Jackson said, "Sure, in practice." The *continued*

(center) covered another two, while Farrell's recovery of a bobble by teammate Warner got the All-America guard a TD.





nearest Pitt defensive back was a $3 cab ride away.

Now the toothpaste was fast going out of the tube and the young, flustered Panthers—who had previously trailed only one opponent, Syracuse, this season—couldn't stem the flow. Brian Franco added two Penn State field goals, of 39 and 38 yards. On one play Nittany Lion Curt Warner, who led all rushers with 104 yards, slashed to the two only to fumble. The ball rolled into the arms of Penn State Guard Sean Farrell in the end zone. "When I scored I didn't know what to do," Farrell said. "I hadn't planned on it." Neither had Pitt. Pitt also hadn't planned on the two fumble recoveries by Tackle Greg Gattuso. Or Mark Robinson's 91-yard TD romp with an interception, his second theft of the day.

Although the score kept mounting, Paterno wasn't pouring it on. Late in the fourth quarter, just before Robinson's TD, Penn State had driven to the Pitt 24, where it had a fourth and four. Instead of tacking on three insult points, Paterno showed his accustomed élan and called for a straight handoff that went for no gain. "Come on," says Joe, with that humility that can drive opponents nuts, "you're never as bad as you look on your bad days—or as good as you look on your good ones. They were having a bad day, and we were having a good day. That's all."

Part of the reason Pitt looked so bad, of course, was Paterno's doing—an unorthodox defense that featured essentially six linebackers and only two down linemen. It was Penn State that appeared confused by the formation for much of the first half, but as the Nittany Lions grew more accustomed to it, Marino became more bewildered. Instead of the long patterns he had been connecting on, he started dumping off safety-valve passes.

For his part, Sherrill wasn't banging his head against convenient walls the morning after. "We had plenty of chances," he said. "Plenty. But you don't win with seven turnovers. That's when the locomotives start going the wrong way, and when that happens, you can sure get run over." Sherrill also confessed that when his team got behind 28–14, "I probably tried to have us score too quick. We still had 24 minutes. There was no rush, but I rushed."

Overall, the cause of the Panthers' downfall in Sherrill's view wasn't Penn State "but us. We killed ourselves." Penalties—a total of 13, costing Pitt 110 yards—were certainly one reason for the loss. So too were all the balls that Marino zinged home only to see them come bouncing off his receivers' hands or numbers. Timing was frequently off, but that was at least partly attributable to the fact that Collins hadn't played since injuring an ankle against Rutgers three weeks earlier. Also, Split End Julius Dawkins, who had caught 15 touchdown passes, suffered a hip pointer after being tackled hard late in the second quarter. And Sherrill admitted that when his young team found itself in a certified dogfight for the first time, it didn't quite know what to do. No wonder—the Panthers had outscored their 10 previous opponents 347–92. "But if you can't handle a defeat like this," said Sherrill, "then it's time to get out. I'm not getting out. I'm getting mad and ready to go at them again."

As is Blackledge, who later admitted that the criticism he had heard had gotten to him. Even his father says, "I like to see him play—sometimes. He does some good things and some bad things." But Blackledge had been only a secondary target of the crepehangers. Paterno has been taking increasing blame for the Penn State lack of offensive flair. "My brother knows he has to have a sophisticated passing game to beat these good teams," says George Paterno, himself a former college coach who now does color commentary for the Penn State television network. "And when he opened it up Saturday—when he was behind, remember—I think that marked a big change in his philosophy."

Saturday also marked a change in the bowl picture. Originally, it looked as if the Sugar Bowl matchup was certain to determine the national championship, with No. 1 Pitt playing third-ranked Georgia. But, much to the joy of Alabama fans, who were outraged at the Tide's not being selected as the SEC representative in New Orleans, that no longer is so likely. That fact dawned on Sugar Bowl President-elect Henry Bodenheimer, who was on hand in Pitt Stadium, in the second half, as with each Penn State TD Pitt fell lower in the rankings. Finally, somebody shouted over to Bodenheimer, "Cheer up, Henry, you could have invited Northwestern." Bodenheimer didn't visibly cheer up. **END**

The Bear's Number Was Up

by John Papanek

It was early in the fourth quarter at Birmingham's Legion Field and so far all the wrong numbers had come up for Alabama. Paul (Bear) Bryant stood before his team's bench stoically, barely exchanging words with anyone. Auburn, the War Eagles for whom Bryant has never hidden his dislike, led 17–14, even after botching three field-goal attempts. Yet down on the sideline Bryant kept his poise. Sure, Alabama had lost inexplicably before—this season, for example, to Georgia Tech in the second game. It is Tech's only win so far this year. But now there was the pressure of that number—Bryant had done his damndest not to let it get in the way, but it was there every time he turned around. And there was Auburn, which surely would relish postponing the Bear's 315th victory party. Still Bryant kept cool.

There were songs and sonnets to 315, it was painted on houses and dogs and people's faces, and there just wasn't anyone to be found who didn't know that 315 was the victory Bryant needed to pass Amos Alonzo Stagg to become football's winningest coach ever.

The canonization of Bryant was in high gear. Birmingham cab driver on Friday afternoon: "Did you hear? The Bear got hurt this morning."

"No!"

"Yeah. He was out walking his duck and a motorboat ran over him."

Not that Bryant could be suckered into believing in his own infallibility, not in public anyway. He had been calling the record a "we thing," an "us thing." "I'm very thankful the good Lord allowed me to have thousands of good people around me," he said. "Players, coaches, alumni, mamas, poppas, Boy Scout leaders, everybody that has an influence on winning football games." Bryant also loves beating Auburn—going into last week's game he was 18–5 against his intrastate rival—and former pupils. He was 38–5 against head coaches who either played or worked for him, and first-year War Eagle Coach Pat Dye was a Bryant assistant from 1965 to 1973.

"The Auburn-Alabama game is a family fight," Dye said before the kickoff. "I hope the game is the way it is supposed to be—a violent, hard-hitting affair."

That it was. A fired-up War Eagle defense stopped the 'Bama wishbone cold on its first possession, after which Auburn's Chuck Clanton returned a punt 55 yards down the right sideline to the Alabama 13 only to see Al Del Greco miss an ensuing 25-yard field-goal attempt. Two plays later Alan Gray, one of the three Alabama quarterbacks, found a huge hole cleared by Left Tackle Joe Beazley and dashed 63 yards to set up a three-inch dive for a Crimson Tide touchdown and a hint of the hysteria to come.

But Gray's long run would amount to 73% of Alabama's total offense for the first half. Auburn, meanwhile, moved inside the 'Bama 30 five times—but came away with just one touchdown, on a 63-yard run by Fullback George Peoples. Del Greco missed a second field-goal try from 43 yards, and on a third attempt, from 22 yards, Holder Joe Sullivan fumbled the snap.

At halftime, Dye told his War Eagles that they were better than Alabama and that there would never be a better chance to prove it. Bryant, lucky to be tied 7–7 when he could easily have been behind 20–7, told his offense, "You're acting like you're playin' your little brothers, or chillun, or something. Like you're afraid you're going to get hurt or hurt *them*."

The Crimson Tide certainly didn't want to disappoint all those Boy Scout leaders in the crowd. So on its first drive of the second half Alabama marched down to Auburn's 26-yard line, with help from a 15-yard face-mask penalty. Then Bryant sent in the old Whoopee Pass: Quarterback Ken Coley dropped back and raised his arm as if to pass. Meanwhile, Tight End Jesse Bendross had pulled like a guard, and as he passed behind the center, Coley brought the ball down and shoveled it—or, more accurately, squirted it, like a watermelon seed—to Bendross, who went all the way for a TD.

Alabama's defense seemed to put the lock on Auburn after that, but this was a unique afternoon, remember? 'Bama's Joey Jones fumbled a War Eagle punt around his own 40, and Clanton *dribbled* the ball nearly 40 yards before finally downing it on Alabama's two-yard line. Just like that, Auburn Running Back Lionel James was in for a touchdown to tie the score at 14. The Tigers liked that fumbled-punt play so much they tried it again about six minutes later. And Jones obliged once more, muffing the catch on his own 33. This time Auburn had to go with the foot of Del Greco, and he hit from 19 yards out. Auburn led 17–14 with 12:58 left.

"It got to the point where we were very nervous," said Bendross later. "Coach Bryant tells us to keep the faith and not give up. If you don't think you can get beat, you won't." So Alabama toughened up, and after a holding penalty against Auburn gave the Tide a first down on the Auburn 38, Quarterback Walter Lewis deftly faked a handoff to Fullback Ricky Moore. Auburn's defense read "run," but Lewis was throwing and Bendross, streaking for the post, caught the ball in stride and put Alabama on top, 21–17. That was enough, but 'Bama sophomore Linnie Patrick added another TD just to be sure. Final score: 28–17.

Actually, Alabama did its best blocking of the afternoon in clearing Bryant's way through the mob on the field when the game had ended. His players shielded him as though he had swallowed nitroglycerin. A security man tucked The Bear's checkered hat under his coat for safekeeping. It was nearly an hour before Bryant met the press and Dye.

To Dye, who had been an All-America at Georgia, not one of Bryant's favorite schools in America, Bryant said, "Governor Jimmy Carter just called me. . . ."

"Governor Reagan?" said Dye, now pretty confused himself.



With Lewis in charge, 'Bama sped ahead.

"Carter," Bryant mumbled ". . Well, Reagan, too, but Governor Carter. I thought you'd appreciate that."

"Did the President call you?" asked Dye, trying to clear up matters.

"Well, *sure* he did," said Bryant.

The real surprise ending to the day was not that Bryant finally had No. 315, but that he also had a semi-remote chance to win his seventh national championship, should Alabama beat Texas in the Cotton Bowl. Did he have a plan yet?

"Well now, how in the hell would I have any plan for the Cotton Bowl when I ain't quit shakin' from the end of this game?" he said. "*Rigor mortis*, or whatever that thing is, hasn't set in on me yet."

And nobody ought to expect that it will before 2001. The *year* 2001. END



With 315 securely won, Bryant—and even his hat—got a special escort from the field.

Indiana's Captain Courageous

A car accident has left Hoosier star Landon Turner crippled, but still his teammates might well emulate him

by WILLIAM F. REED

The pep band was warming up and the early arrivals were just starting to fill the seats in Indiana University's Assembly Hall when the silver-gray Ford LTD eased through a truck delivery door and stopped near the varsity basketball locker room. In the front seat sat Landon Turner, wearing a neck brace and his cream-and-crimson letter jacket. He had come to see the Hoosiers open their defense of the NCAA basketball championship he had played such a major role in winning in Philadelphia last March.

It wasn't until Turner's father, a husky man who used to play some basketball himself, opened the car door that the extent of what had happened to Landon became clear. Once the most agile of big men, he now had to wrap his arms around his father's back to hoist himself out of the car and into a waiting wheelchair. It was a struggle. The 21-year-old Turner has regained much of the 240 pounds that he carried on his 6′ 10″ frame last season when, almost overnight, he developed into one of the most powerful and intimidating forwards in the college game.

But now he is paralyzed from the chest down, the result of an automobile accident last July 25, when he lost control of his car on one of the two-lane blacktops that wiggle through the countryside to the east of Bloomington. It hit a culvert and flipped over.

So last Saturday, instead of suiting up for what promised to be a marvelous senior year, Turner was sitting in a wheelchair in an anteroom under the bleachers and staring at the program for Indiana's game against Miami of Ohio. Dominating the cover was a photograph of Turner as he took off for a smashing dunk against Minnesota last season.

"Yeah," said Turner softly, mesmerized by the photo, "I remember that. I got the rebound on the other end and took it all the way."

His reveries were interrupted by a knock on the door. When Turner looked up he saw Bobby Knight, the coach who for three years had goaded him into fulfilling his potential. Turner was a wonder for Knight in the NCAA tournament. He guarded the opposition's best and dominated them all. He also filled the hoop with power layups and soft jumpers. Knight saw no way that Turner wouldn't be a first-team All-America this season.

"What's this?" said Knight, rubbing a hand slowly along the stubble on Turner's cheeks. "I got a razor for you over in the locker room."

"Aw, Coach," Turner said.

But he was smiling as Knight left the room. "I grew a beard and a mustache in the hospital," said Turner, "but he made me shave 'em off." The smile grew wider. "I'm still a part of this team so I've got to stick with the rules."

For a man who is regarded in some circles as having the sensitivity of Attila the Hun, Knight has been magnificent in the Turner case. Although he won't admit it, perhaps for fear of revealing a side of himself that he doesn't like to show, it was mainly because of Turner that Knight decided to stay in coaching and remain at Indiana instead of taking a lucrative color commentator's job offered by CBS. At the time of the accident, Knight was on vacation in Idaho and just about convinced that he should take the money and run. After all, he was 41 and had two NCAA titles, an NIT championship, six Big Ten crowns and the universal respect of his peers. And he was finding it increasingly difficult to psych himself up for the coaching rituals that he had been through so many times.

When he learned of the seriousness of



PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY TOMSIC

Turner's injury, Knight was stricken. In all his years of coaching, he had never had a player hurt anywhere near so badly. And Turner, because of the way he had come along last season, had become special to Knight. After many stormy days, the relationship between coach and player seemed destined for a happy ending. Knight delighted in retelling what Turner's father, a devoutly religious man, had supposedly said to a rival recruiter who had told him that Knight was an atheist. "I can take my boy to church to teach him what he needs to know about religion, but when it comes to basketball I'm going to take him to Bobby Knight at Indiana."

Turner's shortcoming through most of last season, as Knight saw it, was lack of concentration. At times, he would be awesome, other times he played as if in a fog. Knight seemed on the brink of giving up on him time and again, only to try a different tack with the enigmatic big man. Finally, Turner blossomed.

"Here was a kid who sort of floundered around," Knight says. "He was up and down academically and up and down athletically. All of a sudden he seemed to find a direction. He was attentive. He knew what was possible for him to achieve. He was as close to being a totally effective human being as he has ever been."

In the wake of the tragedy, Knight has personally taken charge of the effort to raise money to defray Turner's medical expenses. He has played in softball games, attended cookouts, given his blessing to an exhibition by the Indiana Pacers and taken his team out in the state for a couple of exhibitions. When the Pacers presented a check for more than $93,000 to the Turner Trust Fund before the Miami game, it brought the total raised to around $300,000.

Moreover, Knight has made a conscious effort, in his inimitable way, to show Turner that he's still very much a part of the team. Or, as Knight put it, "I'm sure I'll find something to get on his ass about, just to make him feel at home."

Last Saturday, after hanging his letter jacket in the locker that's still reserved for him in the Indiana dressing room, Turner was taken out to watch the pregame warmups. On the way he saw Mike LaFave, a teammate last season who is now being redshirted.

"Hey, Landon," said LaFave, smiling. "How you feel?"

"I feel great," said Turner. "I've never felt bad. I'm just not functionable."

Before he went out to face the public, Turner asked a team manager to move his feet so that they were exactly even on the footrests of his wheelchair, and he brushed his hair. He wanted to look good for the people who would applaud him and take his picture and ask for the autographs that he writes slowly, but firmly and legibly.

For a man who was supposed to have trouble regaining the use of his arms and hands, Turner has responded admirably to therapy. One reason, perhaps, is that he applies to therapy the diligence and determination he learned playing basketball for Knight. Turner is no stranger to hard work.

"I'm working hard every day and trying to improve so my parents won't have to bother with me," he says. "It's tiring, really tiring, but I'm not going to quit until I'm totally independent. That's really important."

If Saturday's 71–64 victory over underdog Miami is an example of how the Hoosiers intend to defend their championship, Knight's players would do well to look at Turner, who has been designated as team captain, and use him as a model. The Indiana effort was so uninspired that Knight cut his postgame press conference to 30 seconds—"I'm just sorry Miami didn't win, because they deserved it more than we did," he said—and didn't open the locker room for an hour.

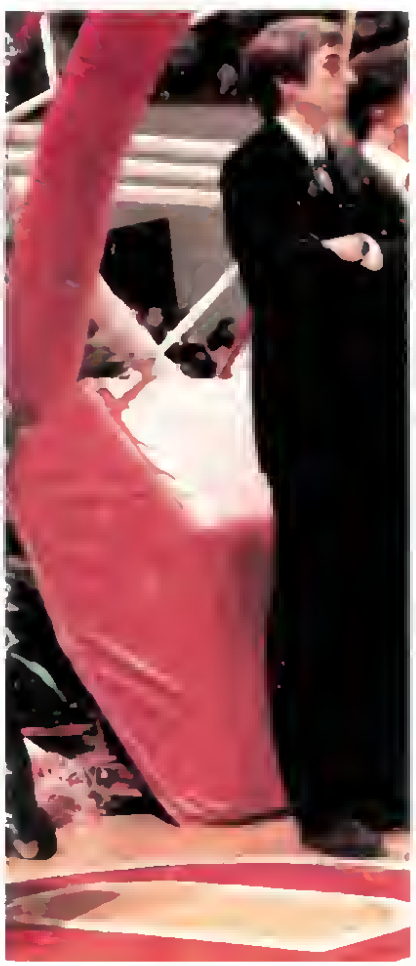
He was concerned, mainly, about the absence of the crisp execution and all-out hustle that usually characterize his teams. Both the players and the crowd of 13,400 seemed in a trance, as if they couldn't cope with what had been taken from them since last season—Center Ray Tolbert (graduation), Guard Isiah Thomas (early entry into the NBA) and Turner. After leading by as many as 12 points in the second half, Indiana found itself on top by only three with Miami in possession and only 28 seconds to go. Remarkably, under the circumstances, fans were leaving, as if certain that Indiana was going to pull it out, which, of course, it did.

Indiana clearly misses Turner a great deal, partly for his enormous talent but most of all, says Knight, for the positive influence he would have exerted on this season's five freshmen. Turner would have been asked to help make better players of the youngsters, as Tolbert had lent a hand in molding Turner. Now, without Turner, that duty falls to veterans Randy Wittman, Ted Kitchel and Jim Thomas. So far, in Knight's opinion, they haven't done the job.

Turner no doubt is finding it difficult to believe that he may never again feel the power and glory of playing basketball. The previous week, at an exhibition game against the Olympic champion Yugoslavian national team, Turner had become upset that Knight didn't give him anything to do.

"Coach," he said reprovingly, "you should've called my name and I would've gotten up."

"I'm saving you, Landon," said Knight softly, "for the next game." END



Before the opener in Bloomington, Turner smiles gamely as the crowd welcomes him



Sims, who ran for 64 yards and a TD against K.C., has already passed the 1,000-yard mark this season and is eyeing the playoffs.

A Born-Again Team In Renaissance City

Third-string Quarterback Eric Hipple has revived Detroit, moving the Lions into a tie for first in the NFC Central

by PAUL ZIMMERMAN

They were one of the NFL's showpiece teams of the 1950s, a runner-up in the '60s and a fading franchise in the '70s. Mention the Detroit Lions and oldtimers will rub their eyes and tell you about Bobby Layne and Gil (Wild Hoss) Mains and those mean teams they played on, and they'll bring up the great battles with the Green Bay Packers—Jerry Kramer against Alex Karras.

Since then the flame has flared a few times, but generally it has been very low. Oh, Detroit snuck into the playoffs as a wild-card team in 1970 and lost to Dallas 5–0 in one of the least memorable postseason games in history. Quick now, how many 1970 Lions can you name? After that, zero.

Last year rookie Billy Sims set hearts

aflutter and the Lions jumped out quickly, but they blew it down the stretch. Now they're back. Yes, they are. After a convincing 27–10 Thanksgiving Day victory over Kansas City, Detroit is 7–6 and tied for first place in the NFC Central with Minnesota and Tampa Bay. And if you believe in the hot-team theory, you've got to like the Lions' chances. Look at it this way:

Detroit's 27–24 12-man field-goal victory over Dallas on Nov. 15 started a three-game win streak, with each victory being better than the last. The Lions' defense has allowed only two touchdowns in the last 10 quarters. Included in that stretch is a 23–7 win over Chicago in which the Lions allowed 24 yards, total, an alltime low for the Bears. They're peaking at just the right time. Their wounded are healthy, and their quarterback situation is in the best shape it has been in in years, with Gary Danielson, who dislocated his left wrist in September, back to reinforce the current top gun, Eric Hipple. Best of all, the division comes to them—the Packers in Green Bay this Sunday, then the Vikings and Bucs in the Silverdome. And though Detroit is just 1–6 on the road, it is 6–0 in the Dome.

Why such success at home? After all, the Dome is enclosed; there are no freak-weather conditions to worry about, no snowstorms. "It's strange, isn't it?" says 32-year-old Stan White, the ex-Baltimore Colt who is now the daddy of the Lions' linebacking corps. "I guess teams coming in here read about our winning at home and wonder, and then when they get here, the fans are right up close and screaming like crazy, and they think, 'Yeah, I can see why they do well here.' It must work on their minds or something."

The Lions, of course, will win the division outright if they can take their last three games. Their surge started on Monday night, Oct. 19, when they opened up a spare-parts box and Hipple popped out. He'd been around for a year. He'd been a pretty good run-and-throw quarterback at Utah State, and the Lions had drafted him in the fourth round in 1980. They were very happy with his rookie-year contribution, as a holder for Ed Murray's club record of 27 field goals. Passing? Well, you see, he didn't get to throw many—or any, actually.

On Oct. 19 the Lions were 2–4 and sinking fast. Danielson was in street clothes and Jeff Komlo was 0–2 in his two starts. Hipple got the start against the Bears. He threw the ball only 25 times (Monte Clark teams almost never pass as much as they run) but he went for distance: 336 yards, the sixth most in the club's 48-year history. He ran, he blocked on the reverses, he provided instant action. And Detroit romped, 48–17.

"When Coach Clark told me I was starting," Hipple says, "he told me, 'I don't want you to worry about anything. I don't want you thinking too much. Just go back and fire the ball, let it go.' He left the door open for me. He *continued*



The quick Silver Rush—here led by Steve Furness (71), English and Gay—stymied the Chiefs and leads the NFC with 42 sacks.



Hipple's 40-yard scoring pass to Scott gave the Lions a 17–7 lead at the half and forced K.C. out of its running game.



didn't want me to be a robot, but I guess he didn't want me to be too wild, either."

Since then Hipple has settled into the middle ranks of the NFL pass ratings. His percentage is low, 46.7%, but he'll throw the ball downfield before he'll dink it to his backs. And he can get hot, put a lot of points up quickly. Hipple also knows how to scramble. "The coaches told me to get down in a hurry when I see trouble coming, to hit the slide," he says, "but to tell you the truth, there's something a bit dishonest with that. I mean, here are all these linemen and running backs working hard, getting hit on every play. For me to just drop to the ground, well, they might lose a little respect. I'd prefer to try to duck one or two shots before I go down."

The Lions will never be a pass-happy team, not with Clark coaching. His trademark with Detroit, and before that with San Francisco, has been a solid running game and a good defense, but against Kansas City he saw the value of a quick strike. Toward the end of the second quarter Hipple hit Wide Receiver Freddie Scott with a 40-yard TD pass that made the score 17–7 in the Lions' favor, and the Chiefs had to change their approach. Until then the Chiefs had thrown only four passes, but now they had to put the ball up, and with one of their key receivers, Henry Marshall, on injured reserve, they were in over their heads.

"We needed that lead," Clark says. "We had gotten a taste of what it was like to play against a Billy Sims—I'm talking about that little Joe Delaney of theirs—and we didn't like it. We had to make them throw."

That's where the pass rush came in. The Silver Rush is what they call it in Detroit, and it's another reason for liking the Lions down the stretch. Reading from left to right, Dave Pureifory, William Gay, Doug English, Bubba Baker. It's one of the NFL's finest defensive lines, also the most unsung. And it's doubly gifted; it can close down the run and also get to the quarterback. It is up among the league leaders in fines, too.

Gay got hit for $2,000 when he speared Packer Quarterback Lynn Dickey. Baker may soon pay the price for going up high on the Bears' Vince Evans two games ago. "I didn't even hit him with my helmet—my facemask was what got him," says Baker in self-defense. English will probably have to donate $500 to the Brian Piccolo cancer fund, the recipi-

continued

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ent of all league fines, because he got thrown out of the Kansas City game for trading punches with a reserve tackle, Roger Taylor.

In the old days, Lion defensive lines were known for their meanness. Weeb Ewbank tells a story about when Alan (The Horse) Ameche was a young, foolish fullback for Ewbank's Baltimore Colts and gave an interview in which he said playing in the NFL wasn't really that tough after all.

"The next team we faced was the Lions," Ewbank says, "and all day long those real mean guys on their defensive line, like Wild Hoss Mains and Darris McCord, were yelling at Ameche, 'Come this way, Horsie,' and 'Nice Horsie.' I want to tell you, they worked him over something fierce."

That was yesterday. Today, quarterbacks' helmets are wired into Pete Rozelle's office, and when one of them is touched, a buzzer goes off and dollar figures light up on the board. The Lions lead the NFC with 42 sacks, and as K.C.'s Bill Kenney and Steve Fuller learned, the NFL's fine schedule has hardly dampened their enthusiasm.

"It might make you think twice," English says. "We do have to watch our P's and Q's, but I'm glad to see we're playing just as hard as ever. People who don't know us might think we're a bunch of guys who go around beating up quarterbacks, but that's just not true. We've all been around, and we know all of them personally and they know us. They know that we're not bad guys. It's just that, well, when you're flying around out there, sometimes it's tough to put on the brakes. Monte's defensive system is geared to the all-out rush. He has his defensive linemen penetrating hard and reading on the run, which is what I love to do.

"A lot of people ask me if the year's layoff [English retired for a year in 1980 to look after his oil business] has hurt me, but I think I'm playing better now than I ever did. I got healthy again. In '79 I had to get both knees taped. They were loose toward the end of the year. Now they're fine."

The 1979 season was one the Lions would rather forget. The only good that came of it was Sims, the first pick in the draft, a result of their 2–14 record.



Vince Thompson, a free agent from Villanova, gained 40 yards against the Chiefs.

"Things got so bad that year it was almost funny," says Gay, who was converted to defensive left tackle after being a tight end at USC. "We'd be arguing with each other on the field. 'Hey, do you know what you're doing?' I used to hear that all the time. You'd almost have to laugh. There was a lot of despair out there."

Last year the Lions were unequipped for the early success that came their way. They won five of their first six, and then struggled home 9–7. Their theme song, *Another One Bites the Dust*, became a rallying cry for opponents, who rose up and crushed Detroit's playoff hopes at the end. A badly crippled offensive line didn't help, either.

"The situation's entirely different now," White says. "This year when we were losing, we were still playing well. We lost four games in the last minutes [to San Diego, Minnesota, Denver and Washington]. We felt we'd break out of it; it was just a matter of getting ourselves together. We didn't hold any players-only meetings or anything like that. We'd tried them last year and they didn't accomplish much. Everyone knows what's going to be said—'We've got to do this, we've got to do that, good things will happen if we start winning.' You know the routine.

"This team reminds me of the playoff teams I was on with the Colts, especially the '75 team. We started off 1–4, but all of a sudden we caught fire and won our last nine in a row. I've got that feeling here now. We're getting hot at exactly the right point in the season."

Around Detroit the people are working mightily to promote a Super Bowl image. At games in the Silverdome, writers in the press box are deluged with propaganda designed to convince them that holding Super Bowl XVI in the Detroit area isn't as funny an idea as one might think. They're plugging Super Bowl fashion shows, something they call a Super Crawl, a Super Ball. RENAISSANCE CITY, BORN-AGAIN METROPOLIS, proclaims a giant fold-out flier.

The Lion players certainly don't mind the big buildup. It means more chances for endorsements, for speaking engagements. And if, by some strange chance, they wind up looking at Supe XVI from the inside—why, that would be O.K., too. **END**

The brain trust: Clark, Line Coach Fred Hoaglin and Hipple.



On The Outside, Looking To Get In

Coach Herb Brooks, maestro of Lake Placid, is struggling to feel at home on the Rangers

by E.M. SWIFT

Call it the continuing education of Herb Brooks. He is sitting in a Long Island restaurant, watching the Ohio State-Michigan football game on TV and talking hockey between mouthfuls of hamburger, when this lady comes up—very possibly a normal lady in real life—and says in a high-pitched, New York accent, "Excuse me, are you Herb Brooks?"

Brooks swallows and says, "Yes, I am."

"What's with the Rangers?"

"What's with the Rangers?" Brooks repeats, taken aback.

Inexplicably, the lady begins to laugh in a nasal, lunatic way and then says, "You come in, O.K. — I'm crazy about the Rangers, you know—and I'm saying to myself that you did so great with the Olympic team . . . and now you're coach of the Rangers — and what's *WRONG*?" She is hysterical now, sounding like one of those laughing boxes just before the tape runs out.

"Uh . . . this is part of our conversation," Brooks says.

"*Conversation*? Ahhh-haaa! Ha! Ha!" The lady has completely lost it.

"Besides, the Olympics came in February . . ."





She's wiping her eyes, trying to compose herself. "I'm sorry."

". . . and this isn't February."

She eventually wishes him luck and departs, chuckling. Brooks exhales deeply. "You see?" he says. "Bang. New York's a 'now' town. Now. That's the pressure of New York City."

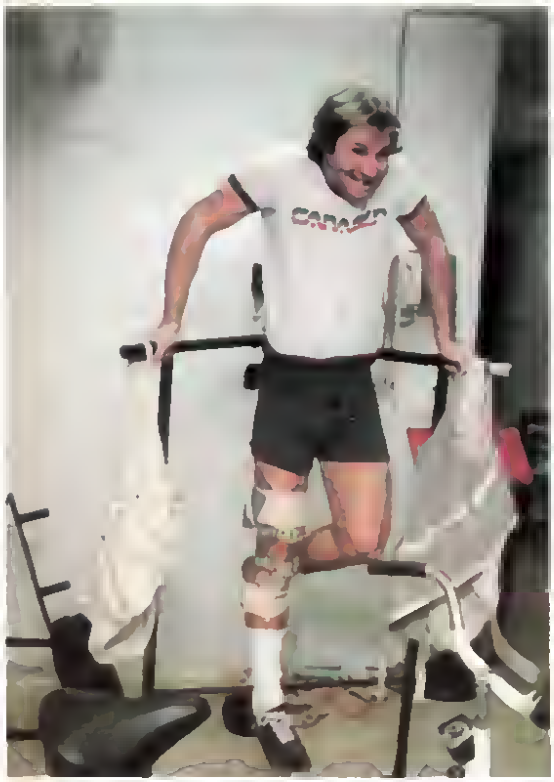
Brooks's transition this season from being amateur hockey's most celebrated coach to being coach of the Rangers has been no laughing matter. If his Rangers had been a Broadway show, they would have closed after Brooks's opening night at the helm, a 5–2 loss to the lowly Detroit Red Wings. They were booed before the end of the first act. Mike Eruzione, the 1980 Olympic team captain who now does color commentary for the Rangers' cable TV network, heard fans screaming, "Hey Brooks, go back to the Olympic team!" after one period.

When the Rangers took their show on the road, they fared even worse, losing the next two games by a combined score of 15–3. Since that 0–3 start, New York has gone 8–13–3, including a loss and a tie last weekend against Quebec—but the heat hasn't been on Brooks. What really helped Brooks is that the Washington Capitals dropped 13 games in a row and own the cellar of the Patrick Division. If the Rangers finish ahead of Washington, they will qualify for the playoffs. Still, 8–13–3 hockey isn't exactly what a "now" town that hasn't had a Stanley Cup championship in 41 years is looking for. "They want to know, 'How fast can we do it?' " says Brooks, who last June signed a two-year, $250,000 contract. "And because of the outcome of the Olympics, the pressure is compounded. But until they start giving out the Stanley Cup in October, the playoffs are still the thing."

In the minds of some hockey experts, the very methods that made Brooks successful with the Olympic team and, before that, the University of Minnesota—which won three NCAA championships in his seven seasons there—are likely to be his undoing in the NHL. Conditioning? You can't make the Rangers do Herbies up and back, up and back until they crawl. Innovation? The NHL rinks are too small for all that fancy wheeling and dealing they do in Europe. Motivation? You try that rah-rah college stuff up here and the players will laugh you back to Gopherland.

"I haven't come in here with a Minnesota baseball cap and I'm not leading college cheers," says Brooks. "And I haven't come into this job with a whip or screaming and yelling like a crazy man, as I've been painted. These guys are pros and I respect

continued



The N.Y. Knees: Don Maloney braces . . .



. . . Nilsson (left) is due, Hedberg isn't.

their abilities. But I asked them not to misinterpret that respect as a sign of weakness. It's not a sign of weakness. I'll do what I have to do to survive."

That, in itself, would be an achievement. No U.S.-born college coach has ever made it in the NHL, a league that doesn't look kindly upon outsiders. Brooks is very much an outsider, having neither played nor coached in the NHL before landing the Ranger job. He'd never even lived outside of Minnesota before coaching last season in Davos, Switzerland. "I guess at times I've felt like Jackie Robinson," Brooks says. "Not with the Rangers, but with certain elements around the league. The first time we were in Toronto, three or four members of the media asked how it felt knowing a lot of people hoped I'd fail. That really floored me. It hurt."

The fact of the matter is that Brooks has done little to ingratiate himself with the NHL. An outspoken critic of violence, he says that fighting should be banned from the game. He says the league's 80-game regular season should be made more meaningful, that it should eliminate from the playoffs more than the five teams—out of 21—it does now. Brooks even miffed his supporters in the NHL by rejecting the Colorado Rockies' coaching offer in the summer of 1980. Who does this guy think he is, turning us down?

But what bothers the Establishment the most, of course, is that Brooks did what the NHL has been unable to do since the 1976 Canada Cup: He put together a team that beat the U.S.S.R. when it meant something. If he fails in the NHL, it would make everyone in the league feel a lot better about the professional product.

Not only is Brooks's background different from that of his fellow NHL coaches, but he also has different ideas about how the game should be played. It's in the nature of things that change meets resistance. Surprisingly, that resistance hasn't come from the Ranger players, who have had to drastically change their style. "People say you can't do this, you can't do that in the NHL," Brooks says, "but I've found the Rangers to be objective, willing and good to work with, by and large."

That "by and large" is important, because at Minnesota and on the Olympic team, Brooks's players were objective, willing and good to work with—*period*. Or they were gone. "He's a guy who's used to being listened to," says Ranger Defenseman Dave Maloney. "And he's got such a strong personality that we've listened."

During the summer, Brooks sent all prospective Rangers an aerobic and anaerobic conditioning program—The Bible—that was the same one followed by the Olympic team. It called for up to an hour and a half of work a day, of running, flexibility exercises, weight lifting. Most of the Rangers followed it, and as a group they reported to camp in better condition than they ever had. A few didn't. When tests revealed that the body-fat content of those few was at an unacceptable level, Brooks assigned them to the Ranger "fat farm," where they underwent a special conditioning program. All in good fun, you understand. Except that when the season opened, one of the fat-farmers, Chris Kotsopoulos, had been traded; another, Steve Vickers, was in the minors; a third, Carol Vadnais, was sitting in the stands; and a fourth, Mike Allison, was seeing limited playing time. The message was clear: If you want to play, report to training camp in condition. The 36-year-old Vadnais, now down from 215 pounds to 205, his lowest playing weight in years, was inserted into the lineup after four games, and he has since been one of New York's top defensemen. "The times have changed—hockey's an 11-month job now," says one Ranger. "Vadnais was willing to change with the times; Vickers wasn't."

Conditioning is a Brooks trademark. According to Maloney, New York's "practices can be godawful," but Olympians Dave Silk and Mark Pavelich, who are now Rangers, say the workouts are nothing compared to what Brooks put the U.S. team through. Yet, "We're tightening the screws a little bit," Brooks says. He's sensitive about his image as a slave-driver and has, by his standards, gone slowly in that area. Instead, the top priority at the Ranger training camp—much of which was held in Scandinavia—was to install a new offensive system emphasizing puck control and motion. That style is now used by a number of NHL teams, most notably Edmonton, the NHL points leader at week's end, and Brooks feels it will be the wave of the '80s. "It all started with Lake Placid," says Maloney, who likes the new system. "His Olympic team showed the game could be played in different ways."

continued

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The style's origins are European. Forwards are asked to think of themselves not as right wings, left wings or centers but as forwards. Rather than staying in lanes up and down the ice—the traditional NHL style—they are encouraged to crisscross, to dart toward open holes. Passes aren't necessarily made directly onto the stick, but are feathered into open areas toward which a teammate is skating, like a spot pass in football. The objective is to keep control of the puck. If the opponent prevents you from breaking through cleanly at the blue line, don't shoot the puck in and chase it. Pass it back to your defensemen and start over. Wheel and deal. *Create* openings.

Sounds good, right? Well, it *is* good when it's done right; done wrong and you'll be giving away the puck all night. In recent years the passing and stickhandling skills of North American players have taken a back seat to shooting, checking and skating skills. No coach was more responsible for this trend than Fred Shero, who happened to be the Ranger coach at the start of last season. However, a mucking right wing who excelled in digging the puck out of the corner for Shero has no function under Brooks. Says Eddie Johnstone, a Ranger forward who has had difficulty with the transition, "When you've been going up and down your wing for 20 years, it's tough to make that adjustment. I find myself thinking, 'Maybe I should cut across now.' Then just when I do, the defenseman throws it up the boards where I was, and they intercept and score."

"We had the same sort of problems with the Olympic team," says Brooks. "Some nights it looked like a three-ring circus out there, guys running into each other and everything else. We were going to give the system a try until Christmas and then make an assessment. But up here you've got to win some games to save your neck. We had to make an assessment after three games."

Things went great in the exhibition season, when the Rangers won nine straight. But the season opener was something else. "We were overcoached, thinking too much," Maloney says. "It was system this, system that, the players thinking, 'I should be over there,' instead of just reacting."

That night Detroit used a defense that, ironically, Shero had employed as the Philadelphia coach when the Flyers beat the Soviet Army Club—the U.S.S.R. champions—in 1976. The Red Wings positioned four men at their blue line, challenging the Rangers to break through. The Rangers, under instructions not to shoot the puck in, circled, wheeled and searched for an opening that didn't exist. Meanwhile, they were retreating and frequently coughing up the puck. Silk recalls dropping the puck back at one point, only to discover his defenseman was on the way to the bench. It slid all the way down the ice to a chorus of boos. "When they announced one minute remaining in the first period, everybody cheered," Silk says.

Next, the Rangers faced Winnipeg, a team that had won only nine games in 1980-81. The Jets also stacked the blue line, and New York was blown out 8–3. In the Rangers' third game, against Minnesota, they lost 7–0. "That was tough, to go home to your backyard—the place was sold out—and get drilled seven-zip," Brooks says. "It was so bad that when I called my mother afterwards, she hung up on me."

At that point Craig Patrick, the New York general manager, who was Brooks's assistant coach on the Olympic team, told Brooks the Rangers were mentally and physically tired. So Brooks gave his players two days off and reassessed things. "I went too fast too soon with the motion thing, and it blew up in my face," Brooks says. "I'd tried to build the house from the top down and had taken for granted some fundamentals, like the checking game and play without the puck. So now I had a tired and disillusioned club, and suddenly we were decimated by injuries."

Injuries can be part of any team's problems but fate has been especially unkind to the Rangers. Anders Hedberg, New York's top all-around forward, had knee surgery after four games and is lost for the season. Hedberg, a Swede, had spent most of his life playing the way Brooks was asking the Rangers to play now. Ulf Nilsson, Hedberg's center for the last nine years, has been recovering from knee surgery himself and isn't expected to play until mid-December at the earliest. Laments Brooks, "I'm losing the people who could say, 'I'll show you how to play that game.' I've lost the picture that is worth a thousand words." New York's other injuries have included Defenseman Ron Greschner (back), Goalie John Davidson (back), Dave Maloney (broken thumb), Forward Don Maloney (knee), Defenseman Ed Hospodar (pulled groin) and Goalie Steve Baker (torn groin). Through the first 24 games, the Rangers led the league in man-games lost with 152.

The most effective Ranger line, by far, has been that of Ron Duguay, Pavelich and Silk, put together by Brooks in the second game of the season. Silk and Pavelich, neither of whom expected to make the team, are used to *continued*

The 5′ 8″ Pavelich was all but out of hockey until Brooks recruited his little big men.



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Brooks's system and, according to Assistant Coach Wayne Thomas, "Duguay's played that way his entire life." It's just that until this season no one was playing that way with him. He's off to the best start of his career, leading New York with 13 goals, and has been killing penalties with Pavelich at an excellent 80% success rate.

Pavelich, who is only 5′ 8″ and played last season in Lugano, Switzerland, is one of seven Ranger skaters who weigh 175 pounds or less. "We've got some midgets here," says Dave Maloney. "It's been a long time since I've been in a locker room with guys this size."

In an age when most sports are turning to the big men, the tough little guy with good hands still has a place in Brooks's system. It isn't so much an innovation as a throwback to the glory years of the NHL, when small, highly skilled players (Camille Henry, Stan Mikita, Pierre Pilote, Yvan Cournoyer, Henri Richard) were commonplace. "They said Pavelich was too small," says Brooks. "I asked, 'Can he skate?' Yeah. 'Can he pass?' Oh, yeah. 'Can he stickhandle?' Damn right he can stickhandle. 'Is he a good playmaker? A good guy? Does he work hard?' You take all those variables, and put them against his height and weight, and he's a player."

Some of the Rangers actually feel that Brooks is prejudiced *in favor* of undersized players. When the 5′ 9″ Johnstone got off to a slow start, one Ranger remarked, "Good thing he's small or he'd have been sent down by now." There is also some ill-feeling toward the Europeans on the team—five, including Hedberg and Nilsson—and the way Brooks built up his rookie Finnish defenseman, 5′ 8″ Reijo Ruotsalainen, a fantastic skater but an ineffective playmaker, so far, and a defensive liability. Says one Ranger, "There's a rift starting. A few players can do no wrong, and some can't do anything right."

Brooks's habit of pointing out the mistakes of the players on the ice to the players on the bench so annoyed some of the Rangers that a meeting was called to clear the air. The players accused Brooks of embarrassing them behind their backs. Brooks explained that he wasn't trying to embarrass anybody, but was using their mistakes as a teaching tool—as that picture that could save a thousand words. He says he will continue to do so. "In the history of the NHL there hasn't been a lot of teaching," says Thomas. "Herb's dealing now with people much closer to him in age and with much greater egos. Even though he's been less critical than he was with his college team, he's still been more critical than other NHL coaches these guys have played for."



Duguay has prospered in Brooks's swirling attack.

"All good coaches weren't necessarily loved," says Dave Maloney. "You can say what you want about him, but the bottom line is, if we win, we like him."

So far, almost the only way the Rangers have been able to win is to score the first goal of the game. New York, whose offense ranks 18th of 21, is 2–9–1 when the opposition has scored first, and 6–4–2 when it has. "It's a lot easier to play that motion-type game when you're ahead," says Silk. "When you fall behind, the tendency is to push too much and revert to the style you're used to."

Without a proven goal scorer, the Rangers' power play has produced on only 16% of its opportunities. It has been especially ineffective at home (13% vs. 20% on the road). "Shoot!" Ranger fans holler in deafening unison. A "now" town wants a goal now, not two passes from now. Says Silk, "You get so tight when 17,000 people start yelling at you, you can't block it out. On the road guys don't mind taking the time to set up."

Ranger fans have shown patience with Brooks and his system since that first home game. In a recent lopsided loss to the hated Islanders, Pavelich made an inspired passing play after the game was out of hand, and the crowd applauded, even when Duguay's shot was turned aside. Such appreciation, commonplace in a city like Montreal, is relatively new to Madison Square Garden, where the bottom line—winning—seems to be all that ever matters.

And another thing. Fighting. That's something Garden fans can appreciate. But the Rangers had only six major penalties after 24 games and were about 300 penalty minutes behind their pace of last year. None of the fans seems to mind, because the Rangers are so obviously giving their all. "I just don't buy the theory that you're going to win by intimidation," says Brooks. "There can be a kind of reverse intimidation that says you can punch me all night but I'm still going to keep coming, I'm still going to be there. Maybe the fans that like the fighting are going to go, 'Ah!' and walk away. But there are four or five guys waiting in line for those tickets."

Maloney agrees: "Maybe if you change your product, you change your fans."

One hopes that's true. A recent Rangers-Islanders game on Long Island provided some of the best hockey in years. The Islanders won 4–3, but afterwards Brooks was flushed with the excitement of the game. "It's coming," he said. "It takes time, but it's coming."

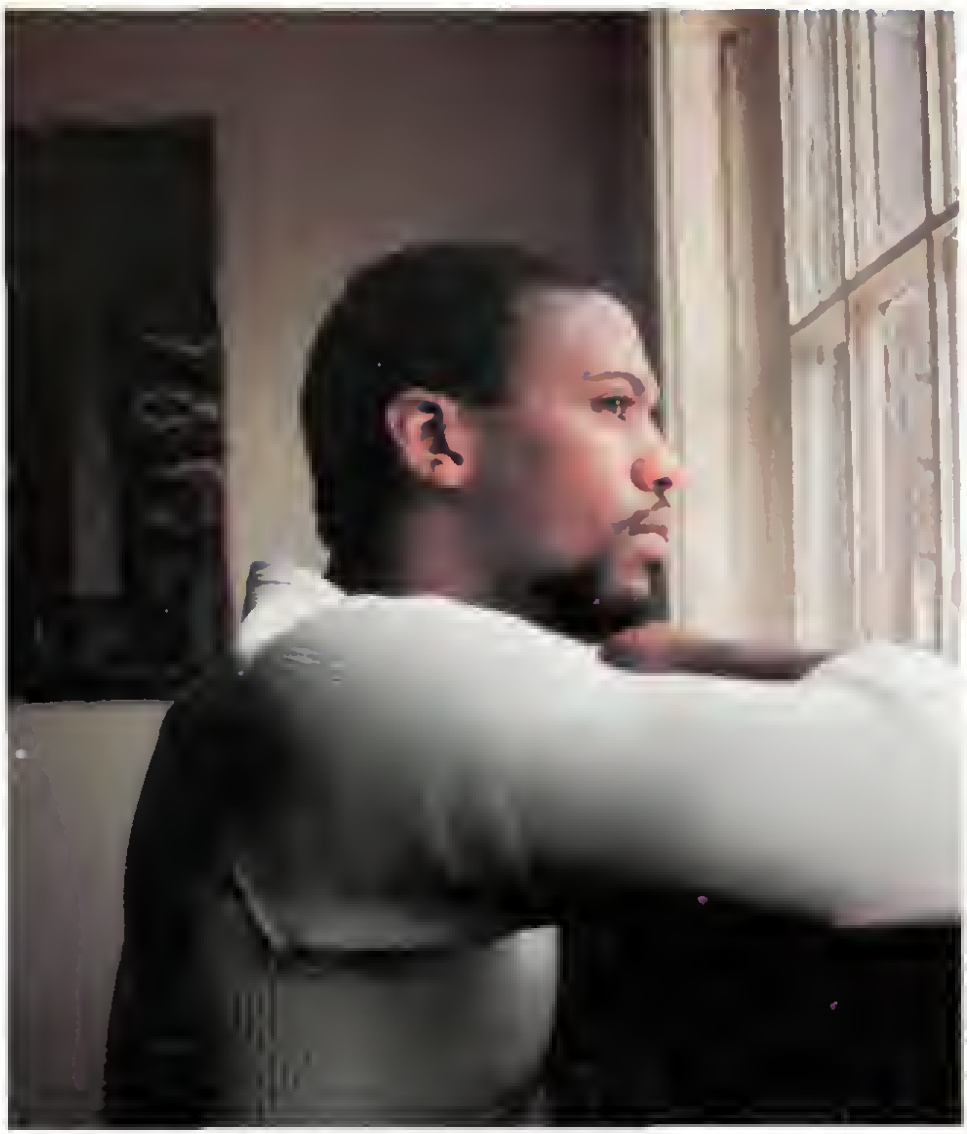
The next night at the Garden, the Islanders blew the Rangers out 7–2, causing Brooks to shake his head and say, "We're like the little girl in that nursery rhyme—when we're good, we're very, very good, but when we're bad. . . ."

He left a note on the Rangers' blackboard saying the next day's practice was optional. Brooks has talked to a sport physiologist who has convinced him that one day off a week is optimal for an athlete's conditioning, and he tries to adhere to that. Beneath the notice about practice, Brooks had written: "The best things are always the most difficult." END

Blinded By The Light

by BRUCE NEWMAN

On the court, Eddie Johnson of the Atlanta Hawks is brilliant. Off it, his erratic behavior has raised dark questions that even he can't answer



Even when Eddie Johnson was confined to hospitals—his pro basketball career and private life on hold—his mind was racing at full speed. Fast Eddie. Thoughts came to him as if shot from a cannon. *So fast.* One of the quickest players and best guards in the NBA, Johnson had, in effect, run and run until he could run no more. "Quite often you can see by the way a guy plays that that's also the way he lives," says Michael Gearon, president of the Atlanta Hawks, for whom the 26-year-old Johnson has twice been an All-Star. "That was Eddie." Speed was the one constant in Fast Eddie's life. "I was young and I wanted to do everything fast," Johnson says. "Too fast." In the end, he learned that no matter how fast he ran, he couldn't outrun bad times.

"There were very few days during the four years that I coached him that he couldn't turn on the burners," former Hawk Coach Hubie Brown says. "In the games, no matter what his mental situation was, he could always produce to his potential." But gradually Johnson's "mental situation" overtook him, and two months ago, in the presence of his teammates, Johnson was taken against his will from the Hawks' practice floor by two policemen and was committed to the psychiatric ward of Atlanta's Grady Memorial Hospital.

The exact cause of Johnson's mental distress is still a mystery, though he has been diagnosed as a clinical manic depressive, a person who suffers pathologic and recurring mood changes that usually develop for no clear external reason. Johnson isn't so sure that that's his problem, but he does admit that something he can't explain has been disrupting his life for some time. "When you've been idolized and built up all your life," he says, "it's hard for you to believe that you need to do the things that other human beings need to do—to cry and sometimes to have people put their arms around you and hold on. I do know this: The prob-

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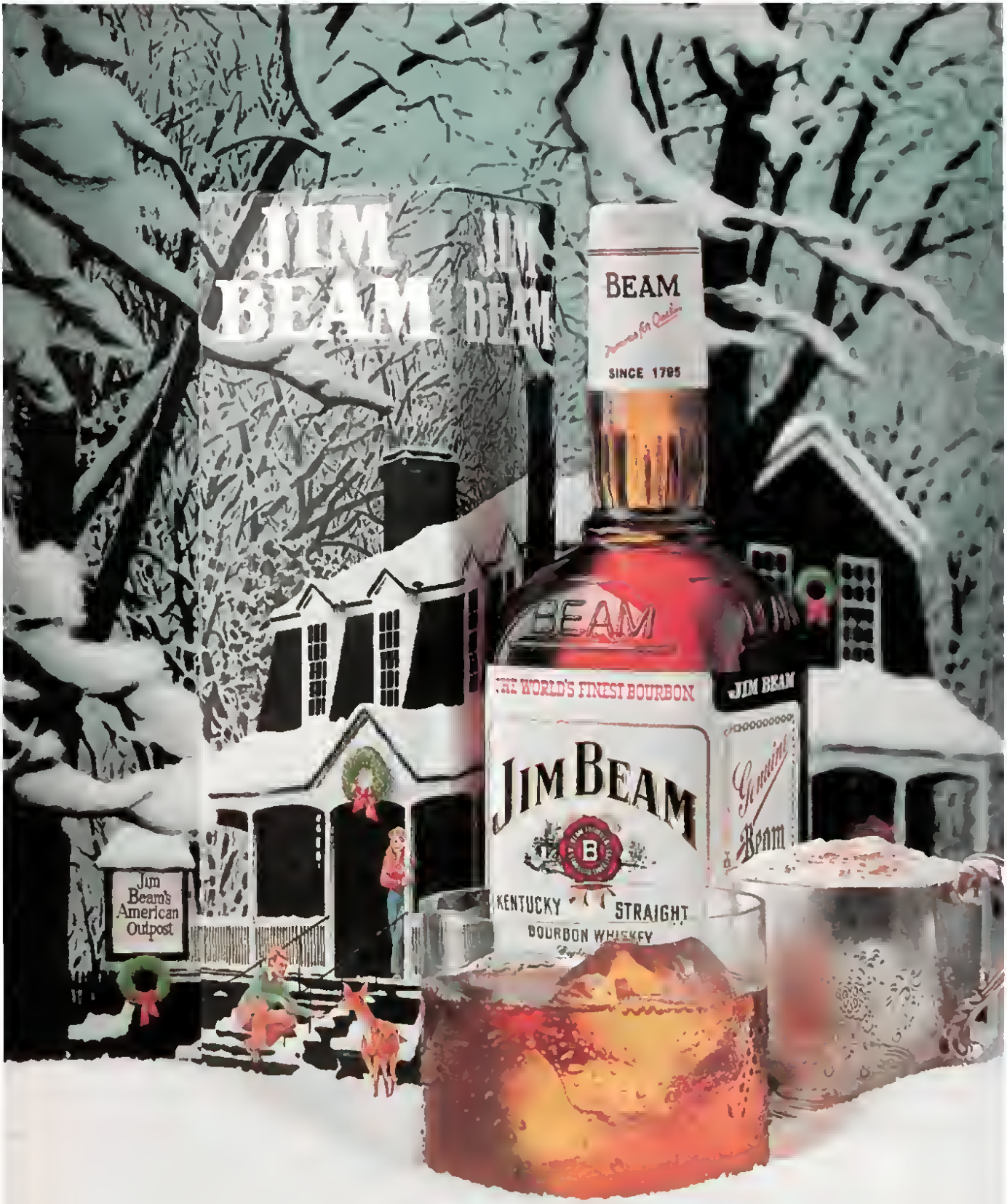
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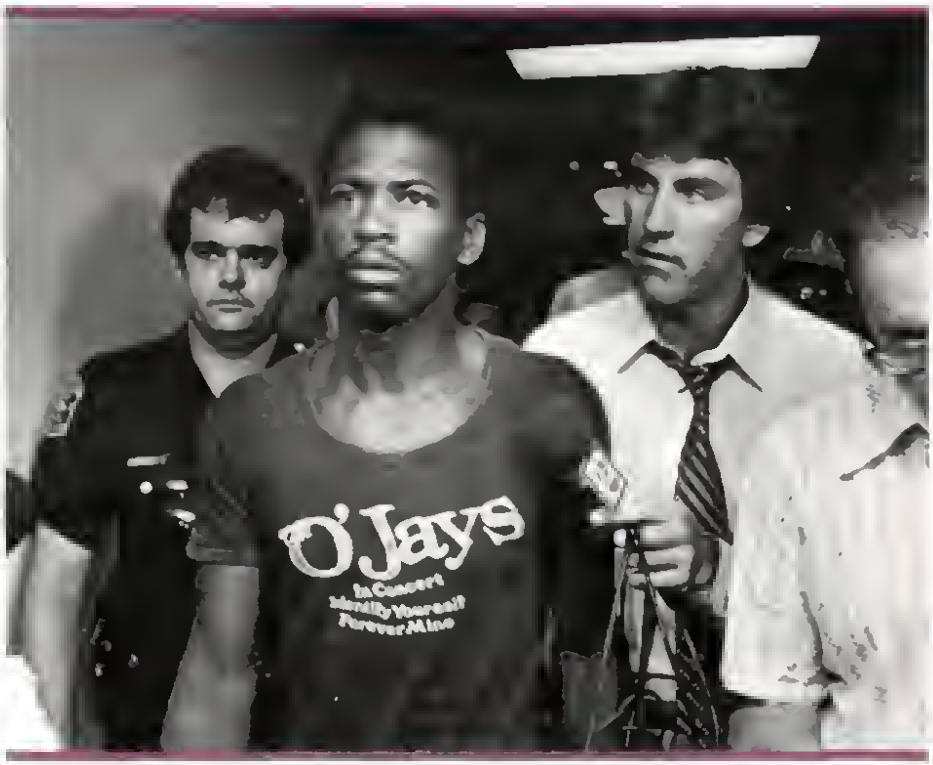
lems that affect me personally are a lot more excruciating than taking a last-second shot in a basketball game."

Weirsdale (pop. 250) is one of those small central Florida communities that was built to serve orange grove workers. In the spring and summer the town is like a blast furnace and occasionally in winter the smudge pots are lit to protect the crop from the chill. Their inky effluence stung Johnson's eyes and burned his nostrils during the endless hours he played basketball with a homemade goal behind his family's cinder-block house. "My father was a common laborer," Johnson says. "He picked oranges and worked in the watermelon fields. I thought I had the basics that you need to be happy. I didn't know we were considered poor until I started playing basketball."

The oldest of five children, Johnson often baby-sat for his sisters and brothers, one of whom—youngest brother Frank—was a star at Wake Forest and the first-round draft choice of the Washington Bullets last June. "Ever since I've been small, people have had great expectations for me," Eddie says. He was one of the first blacks to attend a previously all-white grade school in Weirsdale and graduated 17th in his class of roughly 300 students at Lake Weir High. "I didn't think the black grade school I started out in was giving me the education I needed to survive in our society," he says. "I wanted to become socially involved in the middle class because you have to start in the middle to make any advance."

Johnson may have shown intelligence and ambition, but like his father, he believed in a good time. "I wouldn't call it a drinking problem," Eddie says of his father. "He worked hard in the field for six days, then one day a week he would celebrate. Under the circumstances, I can't blame him for the way he was."

Johnson enrolled at Auburn in 1973 and led the nation's freshmen in scoring with an average of 21.8 points per game, which also was tops in the Southeastern Conference—a first for a freshman. He was the most exciting player the SEC had seen since Pete Maravich was throwing 'em up at LSU. After having an 18–8 record in Johnson's sophomore season, Auburn—though loaded with such talented players as Mike Mitchell, now of the Cleveland Cavaliers, and Stan Pietkiewicz, formerly of the San Diego Clippers and Dallas Mavericks—finished only 16–10 and 13–13 the next two years. Coach Bob Davis criticized Johnson publicly when things began to go sour. "He said I didn't want to play, that I had a bad attitude," Johnson recalls. "When things weren't going right, I was the one who would speak out. I felt the things I was saying were to the point and justified my speaking out, but I got ripped up pretty bad for it."



Johnson's troubles with the law included an arrest in 1980 for possession of cocaine.

The Hawks selected Johnson in the third round in 1977, and although he didn't start right away, it was immediately evident that he'd be a star. "He was one of the few guys I've ever coached who could really turn you on," says Brown, who was fired last season. "He could do everything. From the first day, you could see he possessed incredible athletic talent. He was killing people in practice. He could not only *make* the big play, he could create it."

A regular by the end of his rookie season, Johnson averaged 16 points a game during his second year with Atlanta and started in the 1980 All-Star Game, scoring 22 points with six steals and seven assists. Last season he again started in the All-Star Game (16 points) and was the Hawks' most valuable player after averaging 19.1 points. But just as Johnson was nearing the pinnacle of his professional life, his personal life started to come apart. "I began to feel that I could dictate the game from my position," Johnson says. "I liked that feeling, but I only got it when I was playing basketball. I can control a lot out on that court that I can't control in the real world."

Johnson had always tended to attract an assortment of oddball friends and hangers-on, and in Atlanta he gradually encircled himself with what he would later describe as "leeches and snakes." Out on his own for the first time in his life, Fast Eddie seemed to make all the wrong decisions. "I'm a country boy, used to all the simple things in life," he says. "And all of a sudden I was in the city making it in the big time. You come into contact with a lot of people, and pretty soon you don't know who your friends are or why they want to get next to you. A lot of things are thrown at you, and when you're young it's hard to say no, especially when everybody's catering to your ego. You become a superficial person, caught

continued

up in a rat race that's hard to get out of."

It would be easy to write off Johnson's behavior as that of a rube, but he won't buy it. "The things that happened to me happened not because I was influenced by anybody," he says, "but because I wanted to do them. I was just curious. I went around with the wrong people, and it caught up with me."

Bobby Pritchett, an assistant coach at Auburn when Johnson was there, believes that Johnson's choice of friends indicates a fundamental insecurity. "It's hard to make a hundred thousand dollars a year and run around with people who are unemployed," Pritchett says, referring to the guys Johnson was inclined to hang out with. "You have to go your way and let them go theirs. Eddie wants to be a regular guy and be accepted."

One of the easiest ways to gain acceptance in Johnson's new crowd was to use drugs—particularly cocaine—as a social equalizer. He had first used cocaine in college. "After I did it once, I really didn't think about it anymore," Johnson says. "But then I tried it again at another social function. It wasn't something that just came to me [in Atlanta]. I'd been doing it for some time."

The first indication that Johnson had serious difficulties in "the real world" came in the spring of 1979, when his alma mater set aside a day to honor him and invited him, Brown and Hawk teammate Armond Hill for a day of ceremonies in Auburn. At the banquet that evening, Johnson sat on the dais slumped forward in his seat. During a speech that was largely a tribute, Brown articulated what many of Johnson's friends had been thinking for a long time: "Eddie is going to have to decide between his social life and his occupation. [He] has the tools to be one of the greatest players in the league. The only person standing in his way is Eddie Johnson."

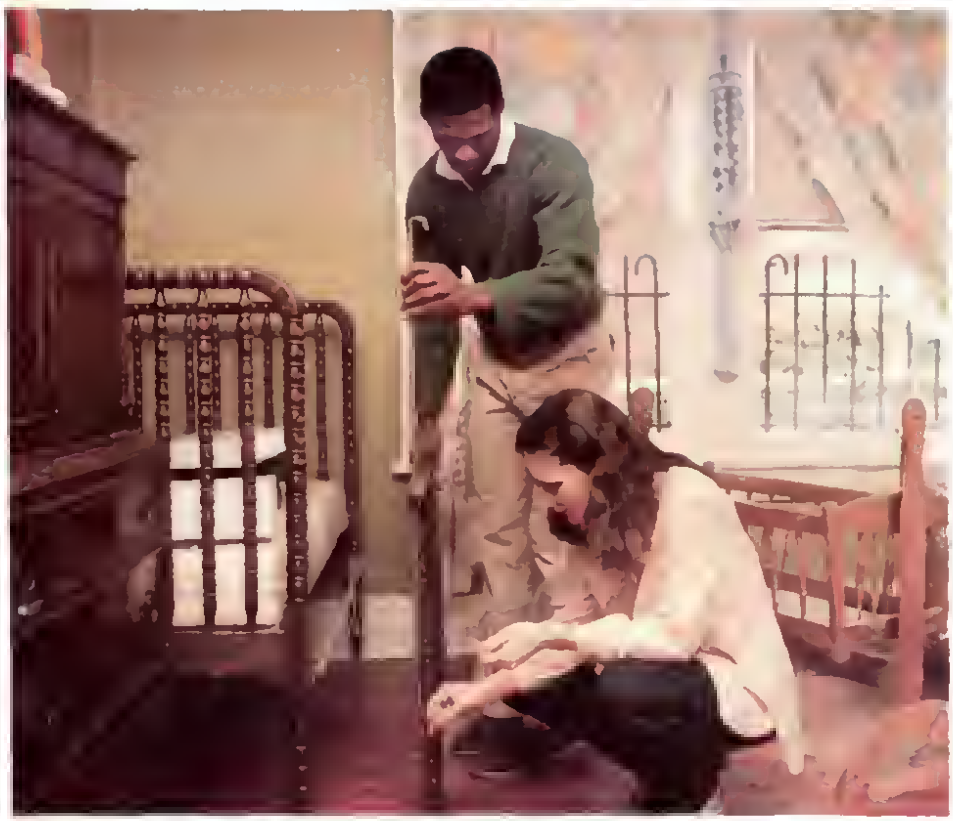
Following the 1979-80 season, his first as an All-Star, Johnson made news in June by jumping off a second-story apartment house balcony in College Park, Ga. and fleeing across a parking lot while two men fired shots at him. Johnson, who used his speed to escape unharmed and hail a police car, has always insisted he was merely "in the wrong place at the wrong time. I was at these chicks' house, and these guys busted in the door. I didn't know what was going on. I was just there. Then they started shooting at me."

According to Detective Sergeant E.S. Meares, who handled the case for the College Park Police Department, the two women had convictions on prostitution charges, and a man who had been in the apartment at the time of the shooting was a pimp. "He [the pimp] told us that Eddie had ripped off some drug dealers and apparently had beaten up the woman who had delivered the drugs," Meares says. "Then these two guys came looking for Eddie. That's pretty standard in a drug rip-off." Two men were arrested on allegations of aggravated assault, but Johnson wouldn't press charges. Meares says that during his investigation Johnson offered no help and, in fact, "lied to us repeatedly." Johnson denies all of Meares's statements and shrugs his shoulders when asked why he didn't press charges. "I just went back to the basic rule of survival," he says. "Keep your nose out of it. You don't go swimming in deep water if you're already having trouble walking in the shallow water."

About three weeks later, Johnson was arrested for possession of cocaine while driving a rental car in Atlanta. He had become embroiled in a dispute earlier that day with a woman realtor over a $1,000 cash down payment that he had made on a house in Atlanta; he apparently felt that the payment gave him the right to occupy the premises even though he hadn't closed on the property, or that he should get his $1,000 back. Meanwhile, someone at the Omni—presumably a member of the building's security staff, though no one will say exactly who—had called the police and told them that Johnson might have a gun, which he admits he had at one time—a 9mm Luger. "I thought I was one of the Untouchables," he says. The police stopped the car, made Johnson get out and drew their guns as they arrested him. Then they took him to jail, where he remained for three days. Johnson insisted that if there were drugs in the car, they weren't his. The charges were dropped because a search of the car had been illegal. Either the police didn't notice the gun or it wasn't in his possession.

Jack Manton, who has been Johnson's lawyer and agent the past three years, chose to leave Johnson in jail to protect

continued



Eddie and Diana are making room for the arrival of another member of the Johnson family.


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him from himself. "When he's like that, putting him out where he couldn't receive protection would have been the most inhumane thing I could have done to Eddie," Manton says. It was while Johnson was in jail that he was first observed by Dr. Lloyd Baccus, an Atlanta psychiatrist who has worked with Johnson the last 16 months. It was Baccus who would recommend that Johnson be moved from his cell to a private psychiatric facility in nearby Cobb County, Ga., where he underwent therapy for nearly a week.

The day after Johnson had checked himself out of that facility—against the wishes of his friends—he was arrested for stealing a Porsche from a car dealer. "The guy thought I was going to buy a car," Johnson says. "He let me test-drive it, and I stayed a little longer than usual." The criminal charges were dropped, but it was clear that Johnson's behavior was becoming increasingly erratic. At the urging of Baccus, Johnson checked into Grady for observation and treatment.

In August of that year, 1980, the *Los Angeles Times* published a story indicating that the use of cocaine—even in its most potent form, called free-base—had become widespread among NBA players. The article dealt in few specifics, but one notable exception was the publication of estimates of the percentage of players who used cocaine. The article said Gearon figured that as many as half the players in the league may use coke and that perhaps 10% of them may use free-base, which entails smoking a concentrated and crystallized form of the drug whose preparation is especially dangerous—as it was for comedian Richard Pryor, who almost died in what police in California maintain was a free-base-induced fire last year. Atlanta General Manager Stan Kasten was cited as putting the user number at 75%, thereby setting the high range for the article. Kasten's figure was quoted often in the months that followed and threw a scare into the league's hierarchy and fans. "I believe we are on the verge of an epidemic of free-base," Gearon said in the article. Kasten, who wasn't quoted, later claimed the article misrepresented what he had said and considered suing. He never followed up.





Brown (above) told Eddie to get a grip on himself; Johnson provided Loughery his toughest moment as coach.

Though that story perhaps unfairly painted all NBA players with the same brush, there's little question that cocaine had become a problem on the Hawks. Although Johnson insists the estimate of 75% is a gross distortion, he concedes that he had become a frequent user of cocaine himself. "When I started making money," he says, "I felt I could afford some. I partied a little extensively, but I wasn't abusing it. The whole idea of me abusing drugs is outlandish. The problems I've had have nothing to do with drugs. I wasn't free-basing. Nobody ever saw me free-base. I was scared to free-base because I understood the seriousness of it."

If Johnson understood, it was because he'd seen what it had done to former teammate Terry Furlow, who had been traded to the Utah Jazz. Furlow, then 25, died in a car accident in the spring of 1980, and later traces of several different drugs were found in Furlow's body. "My best friend free-based," Johnson says. "He did a lot of things I didn't want him to do. I tried to get him to change, but Terry felt like he could conquer anything. When he died it was a blow to me. He was like the big brother I had never had."

That September Johnson was discharged from Grady and almost immediately got married to Diana Raciz of Pittsburgh, once again going against the advice of practically everyone close to him. "My personal reaction was that he was rushing into something on the rebound," says Gearon. But Johnson insists that the marriage was the one thing

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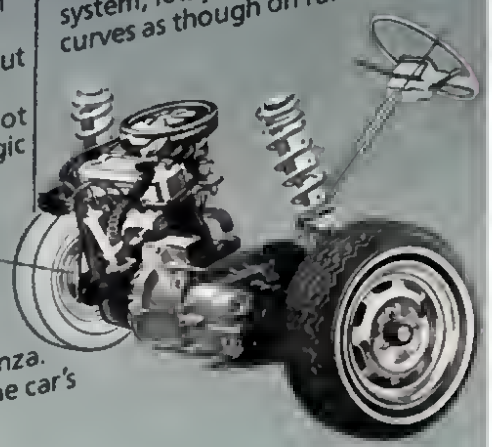
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Hawks' Kasten: "We had a player with a problem."

he could always count on, and this week Diana is expected to give birth to the Johnsons' first child.

During his stay in jail, Johnson had been diagnosed by Dr. Baccus as suffering from manic depression. The cause of this disorder is unknown, and it is generally treated by oral doses of lithium carbonate, the amount of which depends on the natural level of lithium in the patient's bloodstream and the severity of the mood swings. "I was up all the time," Johnson says. "I was always thinking about things, but I never got anything accomplished. The lithium slowed me down so I could concentrate on one thing at a time." But Johnson isn't completely convinced that manic depression is his problem. (In fact, psychiatrists say that the "high" of a manic depressive is strikingly similar to the feelings of exaggerated confidence a regular cocaine user will develop.) "I still don't know what manic depression is," Johnson says. "That's *their* diagnosis. I just take the medicine the doctors prescribe." Johnson takes three tablets of lithium carbonate daily, but he does it grudgingly. "It's become a pride thing with him," Manton says. "He doesn't want to think that he's not as normal as other men."

Had Johnson been a lesser player, he probably wouldn't be with the Hawks or any other NBA team today. "When we first saw this kind of behavior," says Kasten, "I said to Mike, 'Let's start thinking in another direction because I don't know if he can ever come back.'" But Gearon stuck by his troubled star, and Johnson responded with his second successive All-Star season. "We had a player with a problem," says Kasten. "Some teams trade those players. I think last year vindicated us, and Mike in particular, because we got an All-Star back."

"I think they've dealt with him with as much compassion as possible," says Tom McMillen, a backup forward for the Hawks. "More so than most teams in the league. But if you look at it in business terms, Eddie is as valuable to [owner] Ted Turner as a transponder on one of his satellites." Among Turner's many holdings are a television superstation and the Cable News Network.

Sometime last season, when things appeared to be going smoothly for him both on and off the court, Johnson of his own accord stopped taking the lithium tablets and soon began to experience the wild mood swings characteristic of manic depression. It seemed a reckless decision, but Johnson believed he no longer needed the medication. "I didn't know why I was taking it," he says. "Besides, I was feeling kind of tired during games, so I was ready to try anything."

Going off lithium cold turkey proved to be a disaster. By mid-July the Hawks were aware that Johnson's erratic behavior had resumed, and though they tried to keep the situation quiet, it became apparent to the media that something was wrong when Johnson called *The Atlanta Constitution* one night to announce that he was going to be traded to Los Angeles. He was persuaded to submit to treatment at a local hospital. When the Hawks' training camp opened in October, Johnson went directly from the hospital to the Hawks' first team meeting. There he became disruptive and was hustled away by Kasten. "Everybody thought it was just the drugs," says Atlanta Center Tree Rollins, a distant cousin of Johnson's. "Nobody looked beyond that."

Johnson's condition came as a shock to Kevin Loughery, the Hawks' new coach. "He always played so well it was hard for me to believe he had as many problems as he had," says Loughery, who coached the New Jersey Nets until last season. "I had anticipated he would be ready to go from Day One. At that meeting that first day, he was really *up* to start practicing."

Three days later Johnson took part in his first practice at the Cobb County Civic Center, and he was indeed up. As the Hawks walked through their offense, Johnson fought his way through picks as if in a game and rebuked his teammates for mistakes. Once he unaccountably left the floor to sit in the stands and play with a child. Another time he stood on the sidelines jumping rope, oblivious to what was going on out on the court. Before leaving the gym that night, he explained his behavior by saying that his mother had been sick and that he had been looking after her. Even now Johnson refuses to accept that he did anything wrong. "I don't know what I did," he says. "I'm just a demanding person. A couple of guys weren't doing their jobs, so I said something, which is the job of the coaches." Loughery calls it "the toughest situation I've had with a player" in the 10 seasons he has been coaching.

Gearon and Kasten both became so alarmed by Johnson's behavior that they called Baccus and suggested he see Johnson. The next day Baccus *continued*

McMillen feels Gearon (left) has shown compassion.



signed a commitment order to have Johnson placed in Grady. Practice was called off that day only after the team had shown up at the Civic Center, so when Johnson was picked up—in Georgia commitment papers are served by police in the form of an arrest warrant—it was done in front of his teammates. When one of the policemen began baiting Johnson, he resisted. "I thought they were crazy or something," Johnson says. "One of them said he was going to make me go somewhere, and I said, 'You ain't making me go nowhere.' " When Johnson began to scuffle with the policemen, Center Steve Hawes came to his teammate's aid, and he was almost arrested, too.

Johnson was taken away for another week's confinement and he's still bitter about the way the incident was handled. "They were behind it," he says, referring to Gearon and Kasten. "Who are they to make those kinds of decisions? I felt I had a legitimate gripe, but they felt that because I was upset I was manic. That's the way it's been all my life—people trying to make things easy for me. But it only makes things worse. It's easy for them to say what's right for me because they've never been in my situation."

Though Gearon is legally powerless to have anyone committed to a mental institution, he admits that he called Baccus. "It's easy to ignore something and not get help," Gearon says. "Somebody's got to get doctors there and make sure help is available. Sometimes you may have to do things that appear oppressive." Gearon says that whenever possible he consulted Johnson's wife and family before taking action. "He's a very complex guy," Gearon says. "I think I know a lot about him, and yet I'm not sure I know him well. I don't know how much is manic depression and how much is other emotional problems in his background."

To what extent those problems stem from a troubled family life is difficult to say. Frank Johnson steadfastly refuses to talk about his brother's problems.

The Hawks took Johnson off the suspended list on Nov. 21 after only three full practices with the team. After Atlanta's 94–92 overtime victory over Cleveland last week, a game in which Johnson scored 17 points and had six assists, Ted Turner burst into the locker room and said to Johnson, "Now we've just got to find something for you to do to keep busy in the summertime."

"Yeah," joked Fast Eddie later, "he suggested maybe I could work on his plantation."

The Hawks, meanwhile, had won five in a row before their 98–90 loss last Saturday to Boston, in which Johnson scored 15 points and played a good floor game. "I think in all honesty that Eddie is on trial," says Lnughery. "His position with the club is slightly different than the other players'. But I don't foresee any more problems."

"What other business is there in which a guy can be exposed to the kind of personal scrutiny you have in professional basketball?" asks Gearon. "You're out there in your underwear with no place to hide. The fans feel that these guys are heroes and, because they're making a lot of money, that they shouldn't have problems like other people. But all the money and attention just make it more difficult for them to function. If they have a problem, it's harder for them to seek help."

The Hawks receive periodic reports on the lithium level in Johnson's blood, and though no one with the team will say whether his blood tests are also screened for other drugs, Gearon does say, rather astnnishingly, "As a general matter, I think it would be a good idea for all athletes to be screened regularly."

Johnson is confident that his skills and his speed will bring him through whatever lies ahead. "People are fickle," he says. "When you're going through it, people don't care what happens to you. When you make it back, everybody's got a pat on the back for you. They say, 'Well, he can still play.' That's their cop-out. Well, I *can* still play. They can't take away my God-given talent to play basketball. I've been successful at that all my life. It's these nther little obstacles that have derailed me from time to time." END



Johnson's return last week sparked the Hawks' overtime victory over the Cavaliers.

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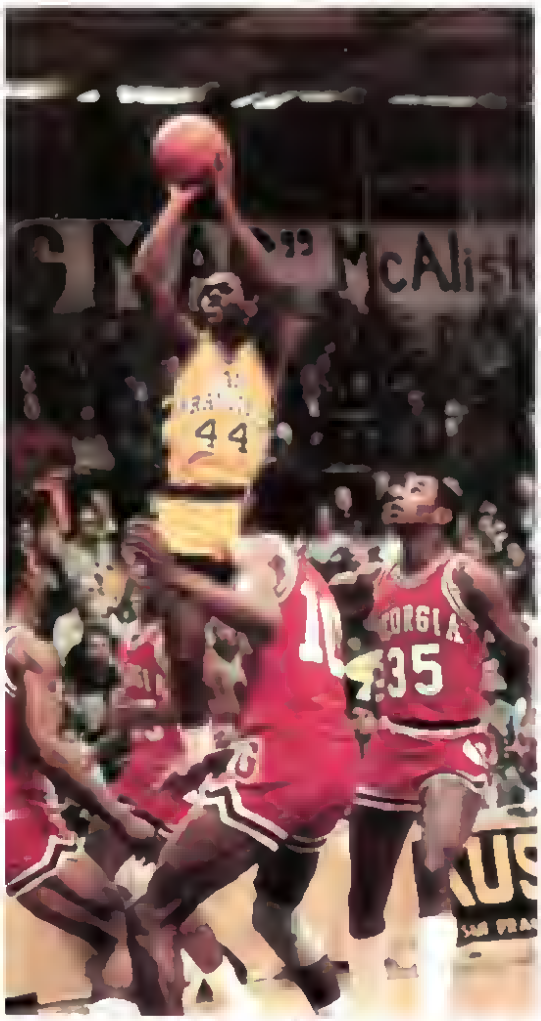
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In this case, the A is Q

Who's the hottest college guard? Who can lead San Francisco to the NCAAs? Why, it's Quintin (Q) Dailey

by Roger Jackson

On the Wednesday afternoon before Thanksgiving, just 72 hours before he was to make his national TV debut against the University of Georgia, Quintin Dailey, a 6′ 4″ junior guard for the University of San Francisco and heretofore college basketball's best-kept secret, was relaxing in his room on the fifth-floor annex of USF's Phelan Hall. His mammoth stereo system turned down low for some mellow sounds, Dailey entertained guests, one of whom was Wanda Burton, his girl friend since high school days back in Baltimore. When Dailey was asked about his collection of 14-karat-gold ear studs, he smiled and then took a small drawstring pouch from a closet. In the pouch were a miniature pirate loop, a lightning bolt, an emerald chip set in gold, a cowboy boot and, appropriately, a tiny star.



Dailey's 39 points curbed the Bulldogs.

In Dailey, who's known as Q, USF has a star of its own—possibly the finest all-around player to wear the emerald-and-gold since Bill Russell. Dailey is the Dons' indispensable man in their quest to make a return trip to the NCAA tournament next March. "If he isn't the best guard in the country, he's awfully close to it," says Scotty Stirling, the director of player personnel for the Golden State Warriors. "He handles the ball well enough to be a lead guard and is big enough to be a second guard. He also has great court sense; he always seems to know where everybody else is on the floor. He just knows when to pass the ball, when to shoot it, when to run with it and when to set up."

Despite such rave reviews, Dailey has failed to receive the publicity usually accorded players of his ability. As a freshman in 1979-80, he led the Dons in scoring (13.6 points a game) and assists (3.4 a game), but USF unfortunately was on NCAA probation at the time, which kept the team out of postseason play and from appearing in any NCAA-controlled television games.

As a sophomore, Dailey averaged 22.4 points, 5.5 rebounds and three assists per game in leading USF to a 24–7 record, a fifth West Coast Athletic Conference title in six years and a fifth NCAA appearance in seven seasons. But the Dons made an ignominious exit in the first round of the NCAA tournament, losing 64–60 to Kansas State after blowing a 10-point lead with 10 minutes to play. When the seemingly endless All-America teams were announced, Dailey didn't appear on any of them. Although he can laugh off the obscurity of his freshman season—"Not too many people saw my freshman mistakes," he says—last season was "depressing." There is little wonder why last week's game against the Bulldogs was so significant.

"This game will aid all those people who don't know who Quintin Dailey is," said Peter Barry, the Dons' 33-year-old, second-year coach. "He's the heart of our ballclub. He controls what we're doing on the floor. Night after night, his leadership is impeccable." Indeed, Georgia Coach Hugh Durham, who has his own problems dealing with the highly visible Sam Bowies, Dirk Minniefields and Howard Carters in his own Southeastern Conference, confessed he didn't know just how good Dailey was. On Saturday he got a firsthand look.

What Durham saw was very bad news for the 'Dogs: Dailey scored 39 points, tying his career high, grabbed five rebounds and had three assists as USF won 92–84. But Dailey had to shake off some early jitters—he missed his first six shots from the floor—and at times he seemed to be playing more for CBS than for USF. "I was really down on myself for the first half of the game, because here I was on national television and the shots weren't falling," he said. "But I knew they'd fall in the second half."

And fall they did. After the intermission Dailey scored 26 points, including 16 in a nine-minute, 17-second stretch, as the Dons turned a 52–46 deficit into a 72–66 lead. Dailey drove the lane, popped from the perimeter and left the Georgia backcourt frazzled. "He's a great player," Durham said afterward. "Our guards just didn't have the quickness to stay with him."

continued

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The youngest of four brothers, Dailey grew up in a Baltimore neighborhood marked by row houses and sporadic outbursts of violent crime. At 13, he was more interested in bowling over opponents as a tight end for the South Baltimore Police Boys Club than he was in blowing by folks in the forecourt. "I was bigger and stronger than most of the guys I played against," he says. He couldn't say the same of his basketball opponents, one of whom was his brother Anthony, a 6′ 2″, 225-pounder who later played football at Army. "My brother and I'd play in a schoolyard with seven-foot baskets," says Dailey. "We played one-on-one to 100, by ones. Anthony would let me get to 99, but I could never win. I'd go out there every day and practice. Then one day I threw in a hook with the score tied at 99, and won. After that I started to enjoy the game."

When Dailey entered Cardinal Gibbons High in 1975, his basketball coach, Ray Mullis, knew he had someone special. "Quintin always played with a certain flourish," says Mullis. "He played tougher than the other kids under pressure. The tougher the situation, the harder he played."

Dailey credits basketball with helping him get through the biggest crisis of his life, the deaths of his mother, Helen, and his father, Harrison Sr., in the spring of 1977. In the fall of 1976, doctors gave his father, who had lung cancer, six months to live. "He was holding his own," Dailey says, "when my mother suddenly became unable to do things for herself. I knew something was wrong." Helen Dailey was battling hypertension.

"I think all the pressure just got to her," Dailey says. She died on March 3, 1977, and Quintin's father died a month later. "I was lonely," Dailey continues. "I never imagined my parents not being there." Basketball became a way of dealing with loneliness. "I worked out so hard at practice," he says. "I worked out my frustrations. I'd get upset and I'd just go play ball. I was in my own little world."

At Cardinal Gibbons, Dailey scored 2,844 points and led the Crusaders to a three-year record of 75–20 and two consecutive Baltimore Catholic League titles. Near the end of his senior year, he moved to the Randallstown, Md. home of Howard and Delores Burton, Wanda's parents. Quintin and Wanda had met the year before, and although the relationship got off to a rocky start, Wanda soon became a sounding board for his frustrations. "I had this serious approach to life and she made me cheer up and enjoy myself," says Dailey. "She has a way of calming me down."

Wanda, who attended the Fashion Institute for Design and Technology in San Francisco, shares Dailey's interest in unusual jewelry. One of her most prized pieces is a 14-karat-gold necklace with a diamond-studded "44" charm. The number Dailey wears for the Dons, right? Well, yes, though the necklace was actually a gift from someone else. "Uncle Reg gave it to me," she says.

He is Uncle Reg to Wanda, but to the world at large he is Reggie Jackson, Delores Burton's baby brother and the rightfielder for the Yankees. "When I found out that Reggie Jackson was her uncle," says Dailey, "I said, 'Big deal.' " But Dailey and Jackson soon developed a close relationship after they met at a Yankee-Oriole game in 1978. "I'll call him up and talk to him if I'm going to do something important," says Dailey. "He's sort of a guardian angel. I like the way he handles pressure. Come pressure time, he's there."

"I'm like a big insurance policy for Quintin," says Jackson. "He always knows that Reggie's on the hill if he needs me. He's like family." In fact, Dailey almost *is* family, because he and Wanda were recently engaged.

New pressures will build when time comes for Dailey to decide whether to return to school next year or to turn pro. The scouts say he's ready to step into a starting NBA backcourt right now. Although Dailey says he wants to get his college degree (in communications), something he promised his mother shortly before her death, his decision next spring will be based on how far the Dons advance in NCAA play. "If we get close, but don't win it, I'll have to wait and see who we're recruiting before making up my mind," he says. "If I have some doubt that we can go any further after this season, I'll leave. If not, then I'll come back."

"We would love to see Q stay here at USF," says Barry, in a colossal understatement. "He has a great rapport with the community. The big question is whether or not he can wait long enough for the megabucks."

No doubt Uncle Reg can give some firsthand advice on that subject.

THE WEEK

(Nov 23-29)

by HERM WEISKOPF

MIDWEST Darrell Walker of Arkansas didn't live up to his surname, but the junior point guard did live up to his reputation. When Michigan pared a Razorback lead to 55–52, Walker scored six points in 26 seconds. After canning two foul shots, Walker put his whippetlike speed and leaping ability to use by stealing the ball, dunking it and then teaming with Brad Frtess on another theft, which he again slammed home. With the Hogs dominating the inside, Walker pumping in 25 points and Scott Hastings adding 24 more, the Wolverines succumbed 83–72.

At Wichita State three freshmen excelled as the Shockers trounced Abilene Christian 93–55. Guard Aubrey Sherrod sank seven of nine field-goal attempts and had seven assists; Greg Dreiling, the 7′ 1″ center, had 10 points and six rebounds in 14 minutes; and Forward Xavier McDaniel hit on all his shots—six from the field and two from the foul line—grabbed five rebounds and made three steals in 17 minutes. The stats on the returning bookend forwards, Antoine Carr and Cliff Levingston, made for good reading, too: Carr had 16 points and 10 rebounds, Levingston 14 points and seven rebounds.

Tulsa and Kansas State tuned up with easy victories. The Golden Hurricane beat U.S. International 89–62, while the Wildcats coasted past Northern Iowa 86–50.

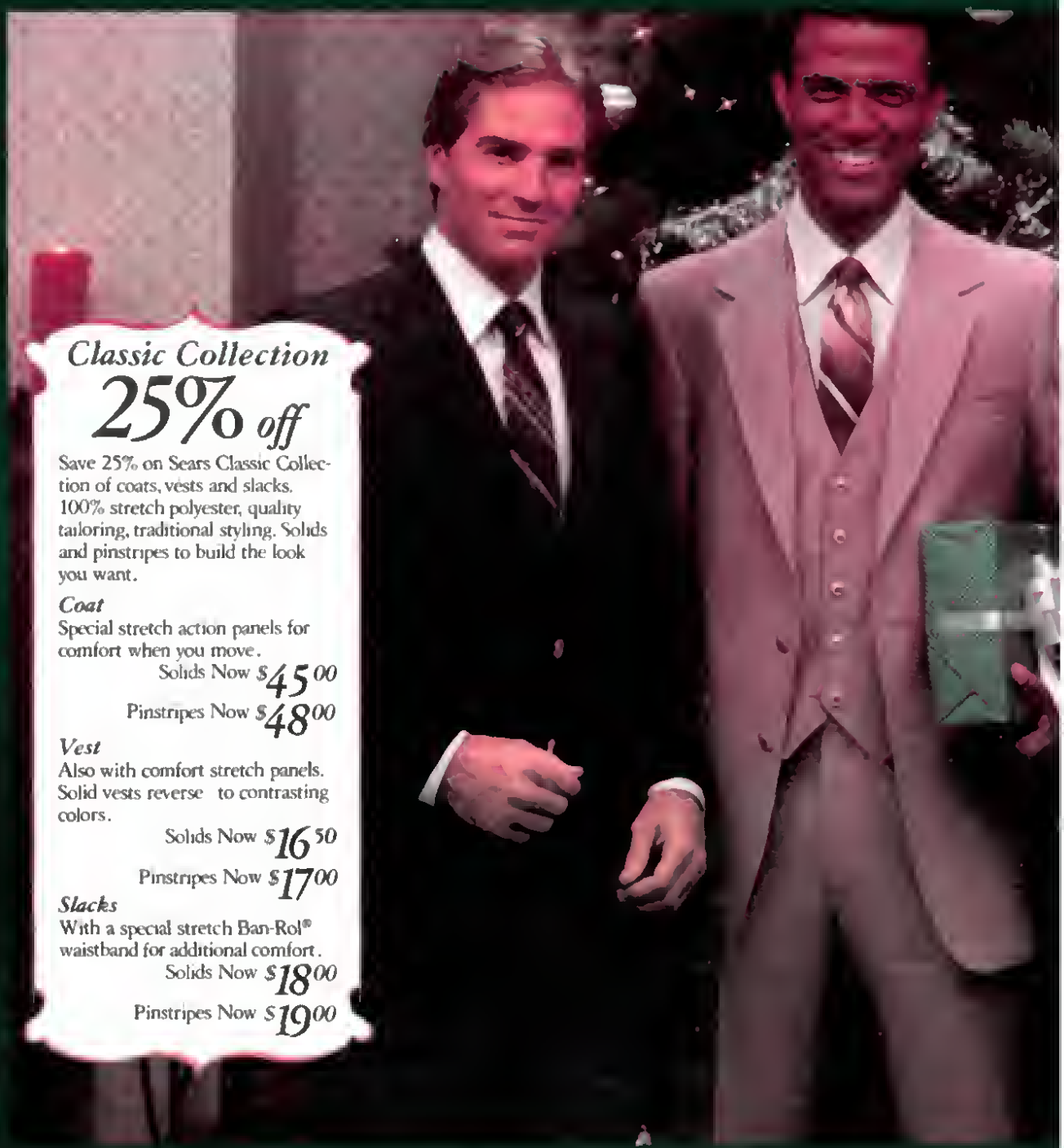
MIDEAST Two coaches—Indiana's Bobby Knight (*page 40*) and Joe B. Hall of Kentucky—were far from pleased with opening-day victories. During a 71–64 win over Miami of Ohio, Knight got 24 points from Ted Kitchel, one of only two starters back from last season's national champions, and eight points and two blocked shots in 18 minutes from 7′ 2″ freshman Uwe Blab. But Knight was dismayed by the way his Hoosiers frittered away leads against the Redskins, who trailed by only three with 17 seconds to go.

Hall gave his troops a chalk talk after they had beaten stubborn Akron 83–64. "I explained so many things I ran out of chalk," Hall said. Fortunately for Hall, he didn't run out of guards. After two Wildcat backcourtmen went to the bench—Jim Master with a hyperextended right elbow and Dirk Minniefield with foul trouble—Bo Lanter provided Kentucky with much-needed direction. Lanter, who went to Lexington without a scholarship, got eight points, four assists and a steal in the second half. Kentucky broke the game open in the final five minutes by outscoring the Zips 16–9. Forward Derrick

continued

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Hord, who got 12 of those 16 points, had 28 for the game.

In the week leading up to the season opener, South Florida Coach Lee Rose had his players wear T shirts that read "65–63." That was the score by which Florida A&M had shocked the Bulls in Rose's first game at the helm of South Florida last season. Last week the biggest shock of the rematch was suffered by Maria Moon, who gamely belted out *America the Beautiful* while the South Florida band played the national anthem. But everything came up Rose in the game as the Bulls trampled the Rattlers 75–60. Second-half spurts marked victories by Alabama and Alabama-Birmingham. The Tide, which led New Hampshire 41–35 at halftime, took off from there and rolled to a 99–65 victory. Pitt trailed UAB by only four, 36–32, but was blown out in the final 20 minutes and wound up losing 78–62.

"I'm slow. If I ran the 100, they would have to have a calendar to time me," said Point Guard Kevin Stallings, a Purdue senior who averaged only 3.8 points a game last season. But in the 1981 opener against Tennessee he sank eight of nine field-goal tries, scored 18 points and had seven assists. That, plus 36 points from Keith Edmonson, was enough for an 82–68 win over the Vols. It was Tennessee's first defeat in a season opener since 1965.

Freshman Guard Tod Berkenpas put in eight of nine floor shots to carry Iowa past Northern Illinois 84–66. Notre Dame's 6′ 8″ Cecil Rucker, who scored only 30 points as a freshman, got his sophomore year off to a rousing start with 22 points and 15 rebounds as the Irish drubbed St. Joseph's (Ind.) 82–52. High-scoring Western Carolina swamped Methodist 103–69 and Averett 104–51.

With 10 seconds left, Walker D. Russell's 18-foot field goal made Western Michigan a 68–67 winner over Boise State in the first round of the Spartan Cutlass Classic at Michigan State. In the title game, Russell scored 23 points and dished out 10 assists as the Broncos defeated the Spartans for the first time in five years, 83–79.

SI TOP 20

1. N. CAROLINA (1–0)
2. LOUISVILLE (0–0)
3. KENTUCKY (1–0)
4. IOWA (1–0)
5. WICHITA STATE (1–0)
6. SAN FRANCISCO (1–0)
7. TULSA (1–0)
8. VIRGINIA (3–0)
9. UCLA (1–1)
10. KANSAS STATE (1–0)
11. DePAUL (0–0)
12. MINNESOTA (0–0)
13. ARKANSAS (1–0)
14. ALABAMA-BIRM. (2–0)
15. BYU (2–1)
16. GEORGIA (0–1)
17. INDIANA (1–0)
18. ALABAMA (1–0)
19. VILLANOVA (1–0)
20. NEVADA-LAS VEGAS (2–0)

EAST Zones Top-ranked North Carolina will likely see lots of them this season. Tar Heel Coach Dean Smith isn't overly concerned, however. "There's a lot of good shooting out there," he said after Carolina overtook Kansas for a 74–67 win. All five Tar Heel starters shot 50% or better and Carolina outrebounded the Jayhawks 31–22. Kansas led 47–43 with 16:05 left, but then suffered a 3½-minute scoreless drought and fell behind 55–47. Tarheels who gave the Jayhawks the most trouble were Forward James Worthy (23 points, nine rebounds, four assists, two steals and a block) and Center Sam Perkins (16 points, nine rebounds, two steals and two blocked shots).

Fairfield outscored Virginia 29–10 late in their first-round game at the Virginia Tipoff Tournament. Big news? Hardly. The Cavaliers had already tucked the game away and the Stag surge merely tightened up the final score a bit, to 107–66. Virginia swept past George Mason 76–57 in the title matchup. Ralph Sampson of the Cavaliers grabbed 16 rebounds, but a jammed finger on his shooting hand kept him to a career low of only eight points.

Clemson took its IPTAY Tournament by beating Bowling Green 109–91 and Stetson 79–72. The Hatters had surprised Ball State 63–47 in their first game. Wake Forest was also upset, losing 64–61 at Richmond as Tom Bethea scored 17 points. Villanova beat Monmouth 96–48. St. John's won its Joe Lapchick Memorial event for the seventh year in a row, toppling Fordham 91–71 in the showdown for the championship.

WEST In 1952, John Wooden was a 42-year-old coach who hadn't yet brought UCLA basketball into prominence. It was, therefore, no big deal when the Bruins lost their first home game. Last week, Larry Farmer, UCLA's latest coach, started off with a 79–75 at-home loss to Brigham Young, but this time it was more than just another home-opener defeat, it was the Bruins' first such setback since 1952. Farmer, who used to play for Wooden, was done in by Cougar Coach Frank Arnold, a onetime Wooden assistant.

"We gave them seven different looks to try to keep them off balance," said Arnold of the variety of zones and an occasional man-to-man defense he used to counteract UCLA's quickness. BYU shot 61.1% and got the most out of its front line of Fred Roberts, Steve Trumbo and Greg Kite. Roberts netted 10 of 12 shots, scored 23 points and pulled down six rebounds. Trumbo had 22 points and Kite 12, and each had seven rebounds. Both teams won the following day, the Cougars breezing 81–66 at Fullerton State while the Bruins labored past Pepperdine 76–69.

In Las Vegas, where there's a preoccupation with numbers, Nevada-Las Vegas came up with two big 83s. That was how many points the Rebels scored in both their victories—83–70 over Western New Mexico and 83–79 over Louisiana State in overtime. LSU missed 15 of 28 free throws, but Tiger Forward Howard Carter sank a pair with one second left in regulation time for a 75–75 tie. Sophomore Guard Danny Tarkanian, whose father, Jerry, coaches UNLV, popped in a jumper early in the extra period and passed off for two more baskets.

Southwestern Louisiana, with Guard Alford Turner scoring 26 points, won the Great Alaska Shootout in Anchorage by beating Marquette 81–64. The Ragin' Cajuns led at halftime 35–33 and outscored the Warriors 12–0 during the first seven minutes and 15 seconds after intermission.

Turner scored 23 points as Southwestern Louisiana stunned Georgetown 70–61 in the first round and then added 18 more during a 72–59 defeat of Washington State. Marquette advanced by disposing of McNeese (La.) State 88–57 and Iona 67–54 behind a total of 38 points by Guard Michael Wilson. Iona won its opener by slipping past Ohio State 58–57 and took third place by stopping Washington State 71–58. Pat Ewing, Georgetown's 7-foot freshman, had his troubles, but the very first time he got the ball in collegiate competition he stuffed it. Ewing had 36 points in three games. In the battle for fifth place, Ohio State got a 25-foot basket from Larry Huggins in the final four seconds to beat the Hoyas 47–46.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

KEITH EDMONSON: Purdue's 6′ 5″ senior guard, a forward last season, made the move pay off with 36 points, six rebounds, four assists and one steal as the Boilermakers whipped Tennessee 82–68.

Fresno State was stifling on defense, as usual, while winning the Sun Met Classic on its home court. Also as usual, the game was played before a sellout crowd of 6,530. The tournament MVP, Fresno State Forward Rod Higgins, got only 13 points in a 68–48 opening-round victory over Oklahoma City. But Higgins was outasight in the 64–52 finale against Nevada-Reno, pouring in a total of 29 points and putting the game out of reach in the closing minutes with three resounding dunks. **END**

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COLLEGE FOOTBALL

THE WEEK

by STEVE WULF

It wasn't a season to wake up the echoes cheering her name, to shake down the thunder or even to help the book sales of *Gerry Faust: Notre Dame's Man in Motion*. When the University of Miami mortified Notre Dame 37–15 in the Orange Bowl last Friday, the Fighting Irish were left with a 5–6 record, their first losing season since going 2–7 in 1963. "I sure don't want to go down in history that way," said Faust, his first year at Notre Dame now mercifully over. "It doesn't bother me, to be honest with you. I hurt for the kids, that's the thing."

The kids were hurt physically as well as spiritually, which is one reason the Irish faltered. In the fifth game of the season, against Florida State, seven starters were out with injuries. Bad knees claimed two split ends and a tight end, and limited the effectiveness of the two best defensive linemen, Tim Marshall and Kevin Griffith.

Another excuse was that the luck of the Irish was mostly bad. Four of their losses came by a total of 17 points, but Faust was at fault as well. For most of the season, his offense was too confused and his defense too predictable. Faust had installed the complex multiple-formation offense he used at Moeller High School in Cincinnati, but after a loss to Florida State made him 2–3, he got rid of nine of his 14 formations and half of his 50 pass patterns.

What was left didn't baffle Miami; the defense posed no problem, either. "We had a pretty good idea of what they'd be in, by down and distance," said Miami Coach Howard Schnellenberger. According to Miami Flanker Larry Brodsky, "They just played basically a three-deep zone coverage. That's easy. That's sweet candy." And Miami has a sweet tooth. The victory, only the second in 15 meetings with Notre Dame, gave Miami a 9–2 record, its best since 1950.

How the mighty are fallen. Like Notre Dame, Oklahoma was seeking only to dodge ignominy. The Sooners were more successful, beating Oklahoma State 27–3 to avoid their first non-winning season since 1965. A halfback named Sims (Freddie, no kin to Billy) scored three TDs in his first Sooner start.

For only the third time since 1948, Tulane beat LSU—and how—48–7 on Mike McKay's four touchdown passes. Louisiana State's 3–7–1 record is its worst since 1956. Florida, losers to Florida State the last four years, tried to get even in one game by beating the Seminoles 35–3. Wayne Peace completed 20 of 33 passes for 275 yards and four touchdowns. The Peach Bowl had invited the winner of the game, but there was more at stake than a bowl bid. "For four years they've been talking a lot of trash about us," said Florida's All-SEC Defensive Tackle, David Galloway. "But this game gives me a hot knife that I can stick those guys with—and twist."

Texas established its Cotton Bowl credentials with a 21–13 triumph over Texas A&M. John Walker, playing for the injured Jam Jones, rushed for 178 yards on 36 carries—the best day for a Longhorn back since Earl Campbell played. Houston, bound for the Sun Bowl, used six interceptions to beat Rice 40–3.

Rain turned the surface of Sun Devil Stadium from natural turf to Teflon, and the result was five turnovers and 24 points for Arizona State and seven turnovers and 13 points for Arizona. ASU's Mike Pagel threw three touchdown passes in between his four interceptions; his 29 TD passes this season set a Pac-10 record. In other archrivalries, Virginia Tech defeated Virginia 20–3; Tennessee won a 38–34 shoot-out with Vanderbilt; and Boston College held off Holy Cross, 28–24.

Southern Mississippi tuned up for the Tangerine Bowl with a 45–14 victory over Lamar as Quarterback Reggie Collier rushed for 184 yards and passed for 104 to become the first player since the NCAA began keeping such statistics in 1966 to go over the 1,000-yard mark in both rushing and passing. San Jose State beat North Texas State 28–16 amid reports that its coach, Jack Elway, would replace Roger Theder, fired last week by California.

The bowl season, by the way, is already here. Ricks College of Rexburg, Idaho defeated previously unbeaten Arizona Western 28–21 in the inaugural Valley of the Sun Bowl in Phoenix. In the Mirage Bowl in Tokyo, Air Force overcame a 16–0 deficit to down San Diego State 21–16. And in the first Penguin Bowl, played on Williams Field in the Antarctic, 250 fans braved 12-below temperatures to watch the Navy VXE-6 Squadron beat the U.S. Antarctic Research Program 19–7. END

SI TOP 20

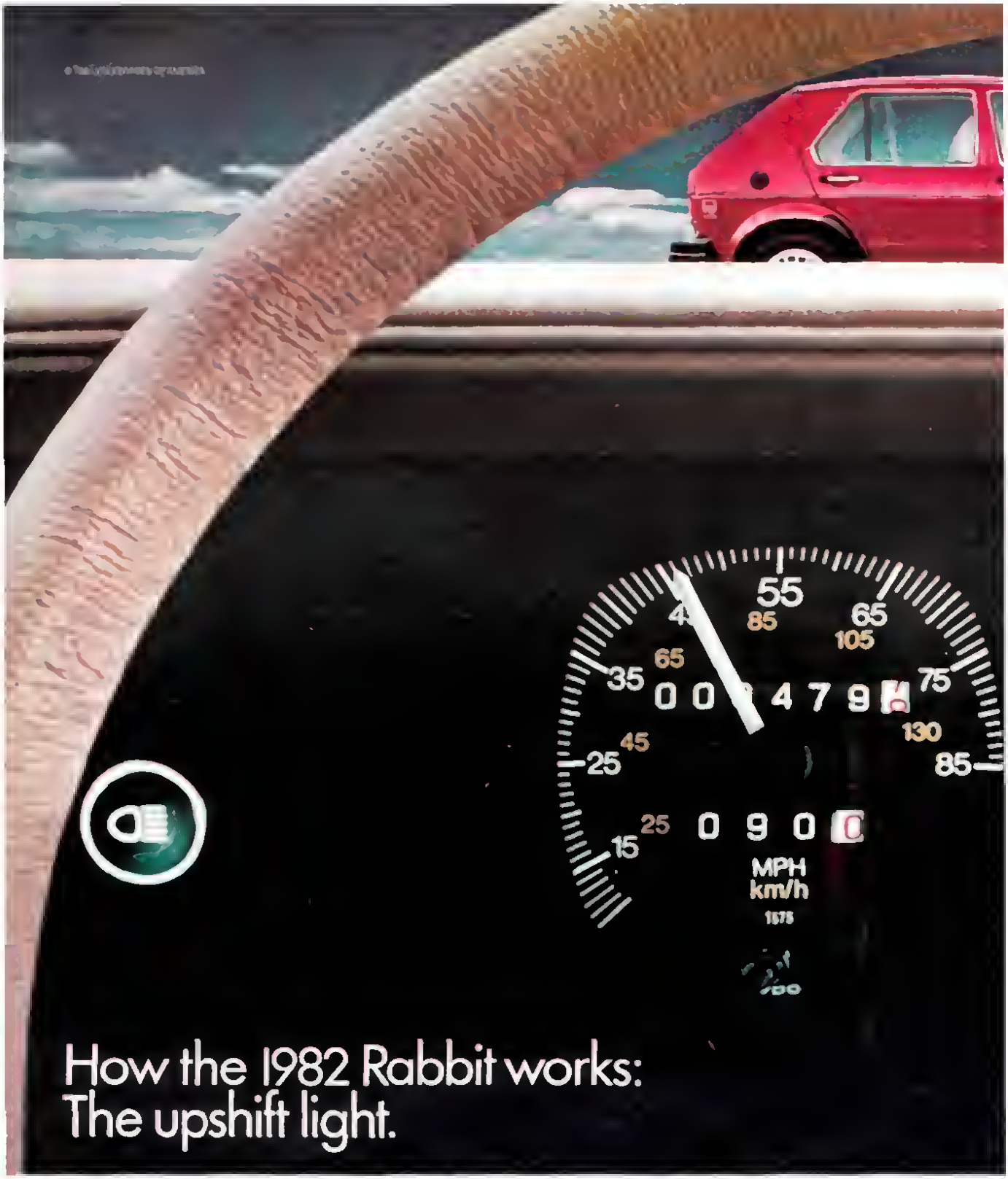
1.	CLEMSON (11–0)	2 *
2.	GEORGIA (9–1)	3
3.	ALABAMA (9–1–1)	4
4.	SMU (10–1)	5
5.	TEXAS (9–1–1)	10
6.	MIAMI (9–2)	7
7.	PENN STATE (9–2)	9
8.	NEBRASKA (9–2)	8
9.	N. CAROLINA (9–2)	6
10.	PITTSBURGH (10–1)	1
11.	WASHINGTON (9–2)	11
12.	USC (9–2)	12
13.	IOWA (8–3)	13
14.	ARIZONA STATE (9–2)	14
15.	OHIO STATE (8–3)	15
16.	UCLA (7–3–1)	16
17.	MICHIGAN (8–3)	17
18.	S. MISSISSIPPI (9–1–1)	18
19.	BYU (10–2)	19
20.	WASH. STATE (8–2–1)	20

* Last week

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE Quarterback Jim Kelly, a 6′ 3″, 210-pound junior, completed 17 of 25 passes for 264 yards and two TDs as Miami defeated Notre Dame 37–15. Kelly also broke four school passing records.

DEFENSE Deep Back Roger Jackson, a 6-foot, 180-pound junior, intercepted one pass in the end zone and deflected another in Penn State's 48–14 upset of No. 1-ranked Pitt. He also made nine tackles.



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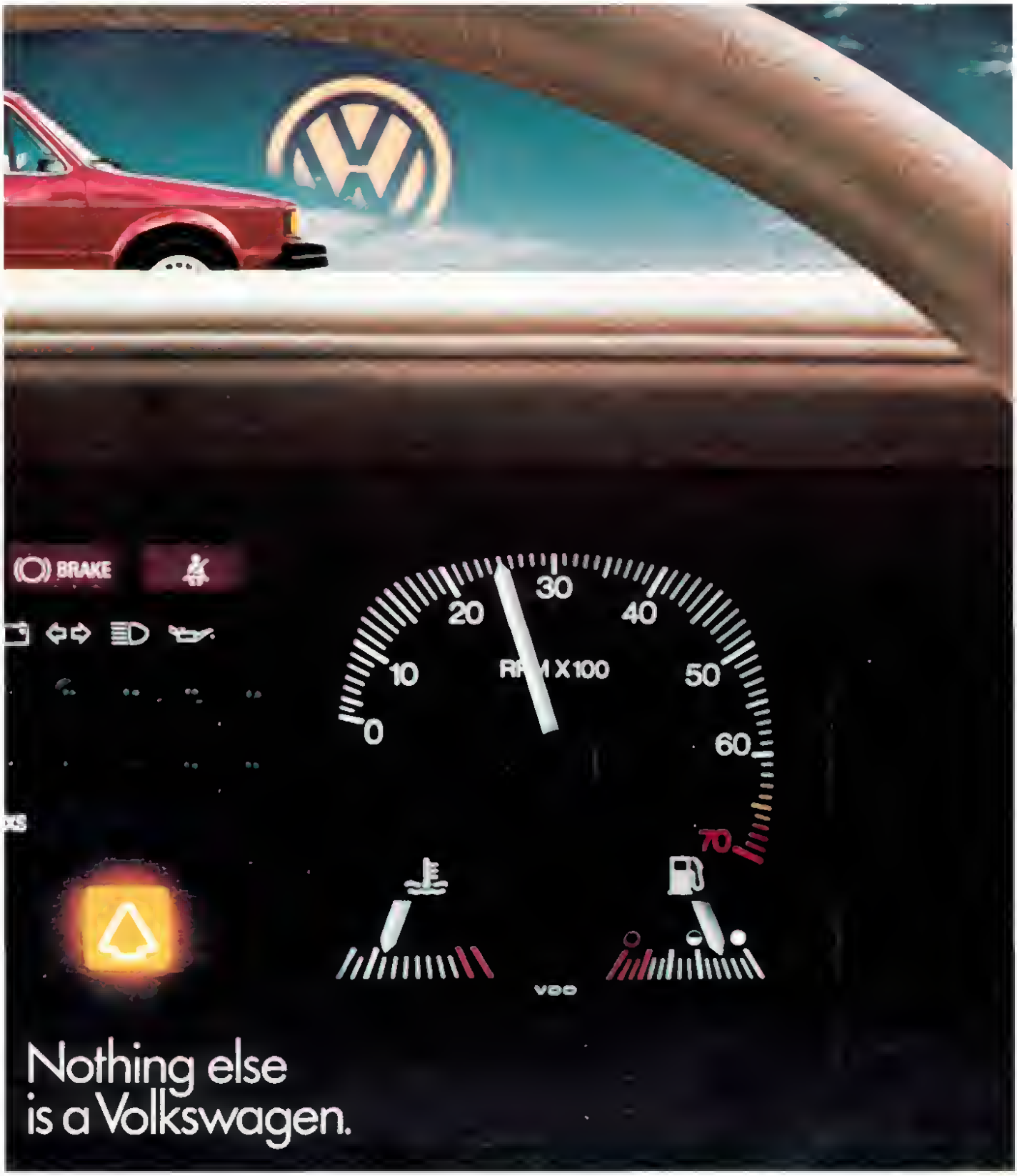
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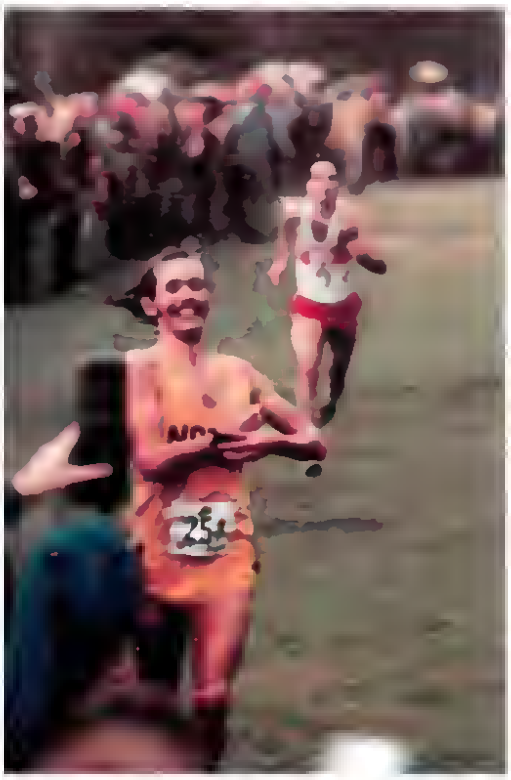
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Royle double-checked his time, officially :02.4 faster than the best 10,000 ever run.

The battle went to Royle

Unheralded Adrian Royle beat Alberto Salazar for the TAC championship

by Kenny Moore

Race officials introduced a new way of starting the 300 men contesting The Athletic Congress Cross-Country Championships in the hills above Burbank, Calif., last Saturday. There were no commands of "take your marks" or "get set," just a countdown that ended 15 seconds before the 10,000-meter race was to begin. Then an eerie silence while the poised ranks waited. The only sound was a faint encouraging shout from some runner's friend stationed far across the reaches of the carefully tended De Bell Golf Course. Then, with startling force, the gun's report.

And the charge. The field had only 500 yards of uphill turf before funneling onto a rocky road and down a steeply descending fairway. Quickly the more excitable milers were well up, with Steve Lacy in the lead. As the pack pressed together, many were sealed in. "I just got swallowed," said Steve Scott. "There was a lot of kicking and biting there among the anxious." Alberto Salazar ran patiently behind and waited. Kenya's Henry Rono improved his position by jumping onto a wall of sandbags parallel with the road and bounding past flagging early starters like an ungainly black bird. England's Nick Rose worked his way up with sharp bursts as openings presented themselves.

These were the great names from recent U.S. cross-country championships. Among them, Salazar, Rono and Rose had won seven TAC or NCAA titles, and Rose had won the English championship as well. Now after a mile, as they drew near the front of the pack, it seemed this might be their most memorable meeting. Salazar was well recovered from his world-record 2:08.13 marathon in New York five weeks before. Rono had finished his European season with a world-record 13:06.20 for 5,000 meters. Rose pronounced himself splendidly fit, saying, "It will be a great race if the others are really ready."

The setting was appropriate for an epic struggle. In the past, California cross-country has too often been run in killing sun over clay trails or smoothly rolled lawns. But De Bell is carved out of a canyon, its fairways green fingers reaching back into the dry, fire-blackened Verdugo foothills. The runners had to lift themselves 320 feet in a wearying two-mile section, and practically none of the course was level, save for the last 160 yards. Two days of steady rain had made the earth a sponge, and a dozen earlier age-group races turned the corners to soupy mud. It wasn't the plowed fields, barnyards and fences of European cross-country, but it was close.

That served the women well, because their 5,000-meter race would qualify a six-member team for the world championships next March 21 in Warsaw. (The men will hold their selection race early next year.) Knowing that early bravery would be rewarded only to the point of its causing hypoxia, a wonderfully deep field was content to follow the pace of England's Monica Joyce. Mary Decker Tabb stayed in second or third in this, her first serious race since suffering an Achilles tendon injury in August 1980 and marrying Ron Tabb, an Adidas rep, two months ago. Her plan was to wait and kick. Julie Brown's plan was to not let her do that. Brown, who lives in Santa Monica and was the 1975 international cross-country champion, and her coach, Chuck DeBus, had visited the course at 4 a.m. twice in the weeks before, the hour necessary because, except for the race weekend, De Bell greenskeepers zealously guard its slopes against runners. They found that after crossing a little bridge less than a mile from the finish, the runners would face a grinding quarter-mile climb, with a steep asphalt pitch at the top, before a 300-yard descent onto the finishing plain. "That's what decided our plan," said DeBus. "It was to relax until that little bridge, then put everything into charging up that long hill."

Decker Tabb led at two miles. Betty Springs, the NCAA champion from North Carolina State, was close, as was Joan Hansen of Tucson and Decker Tabb's Athletics West club at Eugene, Ore. As Hansen neared the front, she sometimes had no idea where the race was taking her. "I missed my flight yesterday, so I only got here a couple of hours ago and couldn't learn the course," she would say later. She felt strong, but to take the lead would thrust her into a void, so she stayed behind.

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Brown (558) cornered the women's title by staying with the pack early, charging late.

At her appointed bridge, Brown took off. Decker Tabb, Springs, Hansen and Aileen O'Connor of the University of Virginia formed up on her back. For a time it appeared Brown was in trouble. Nearing the top she had won no daylight. But right at the summit, when her pursuers were still heaving themselves up the steep grade, their spikes scratching on the hard path, Brown made a second move and darted down the other side of the hill, stealing 15 yards as she raced in fine freewheeling style. It would take a prodigious finish to catch her. Then out of the pack came Hansen. "Someone shouted that we had 200 to go," she said later, "and that was when I kicked. Had I known earlier. . . " She closed to within five or six yards, but the finish came in time for Brown to win by a second in 15:49. Springs was third, and Jan Merrill came from 12th in the last half mile to get fourth. Decker Tabb was fifth. The first 10 all finished within 15 seconds, making this the strongest-ever U.S. team for the world championships. "Give the course credit," said Brown. "When it's this challenging, the cream always rises. There's no chance for a fluke runner to get in there."

That observation seemed doubly true for the men's race. By two miles Salazar led none other than Rose and Rono, though that trio hadn't yet run away from the field. Then Rono dropped back abruptly and soon Rose and Salazar and a long-haired runner all in yellow had pulled to a 50-yard lead. Then Rose fell back and it was a two-man race. The cries of the crowd were uniform. "Who's that guy with Salazar?" Searching the program for his number yielded the name of "Adrian Ryle." That information was of no help, however, because no one had ever heard of him. It would turn out that he was Adrian Royle, 22, from Manchester, England and had won the U.S. junior-college cross-country championship by a huge margin a year ago while attending Southern Idaho J.C. in Twin Falls. "I got run out of Idaho," Royle would say later, mysteriously. "They don't believe in the 20th century there." So he had moved on, to the University of Nevada at Reno.

Alberto Salazar knew none of this. All he knew was that a guy with a rangy stride and loud breathing was with him and kept pushing the pace up the hills. "I thought he'd die," Salazar said later. "He sounded like he was tired. I didn't know who he was so I assumed I could outkick him. I settled down to wait, concentrating on how I would sprint."

At three miles, Royle had a look of elation. "I knew I had him," he said later, a remark of surpassing confidence. "I knew I'd be good on the downhills but I was scared of Salazar on the uphills. But I was beating him even there."

As Royle continued to lead, seeming to grow ever stronger, Salazar understood what was happening. "He was a guy running the race of his life," Salazar said. "He would be willing to pay any price and still be able to kick like mad. And I was trying to avoid having to press hard all the way. I should have realized I couldn't get away with that. I should have tried to kill him on the hills."

Royle, who has run a 4:00.8 mile, was very much alive as they entered the final 160 yards. Salazar moved first, but Royle cut him off before he could pass, then sprinted away to win by two seconds in 27:20, a time that meant either this was the greatest 10,000 ever run or the course was short, because Rono's world record on a smooth, dry track is 27:22.4. Royle crossed the line with his face twisted in glee and at once showed himself to be a man quite assertive in victory. "Everybody was here," he shouted. "I came with the intention of beating them all, and no one was missing, and I don't want any bitching now, I beat 'em all!"

Those he beat, in order, were Salazar, Jan Hagelbrand of San Diego, Rose, 1977 world junior champion Thom Hunt of Tucson, and, in sixth, showing amazing stamina for a miler, one Steve Scott. Rono finished 37th.

Royle stood in the mud at the end of the finishing chute and held a sort of rough court for kids seeking autographs and adults wanting to know how he had pulled off this singular coup. He is 5′ 11″, 145 and worked as a clerk in a rubber factory in Manchester before coming to the U.S. 15 months ago. He started running competitively at 17. "I wasn't much into sport until then," he said. "I spent more time in the forest bird watching than I ever did running." He has never run a 10,000 on the track, considering himself a miler during track seasons.

Again he gave voice to his satisfaction, not so much at winning but at the specific crushing of Salazar. "And I'm younger than he is [by a year]," he said, rubbing it in. "I'm the baby in America now."

Salazar jogged away through the rainy dusk, saying, "It's plain stupidity to underestimate the other guy." Too, he was feeling more sharply what he already knew, that as a world-record holder he is a marked man in any race he enters. He watched the crowds leaving the course. The once-smooth fairways were riven with brown trails. Ropes protecting greens were torn away where the spectators, behaving more like fans in Paris or Limerick than in Burbank, had surged to watch. In one light the damage could be seen as a sort of defiance, common sport trampling a place of privilege. Perhaps it was defiance that was the chief note in Royle's bearing, as well, in his saying, "I'm a nobody," and, catching himself, adding, "Uh . . . was a nobody." As with the man he had beaten, being a nobody is a luxury that the remarkable Adrian Royle will never enjoy again. **END**

HELL ON WHEELS

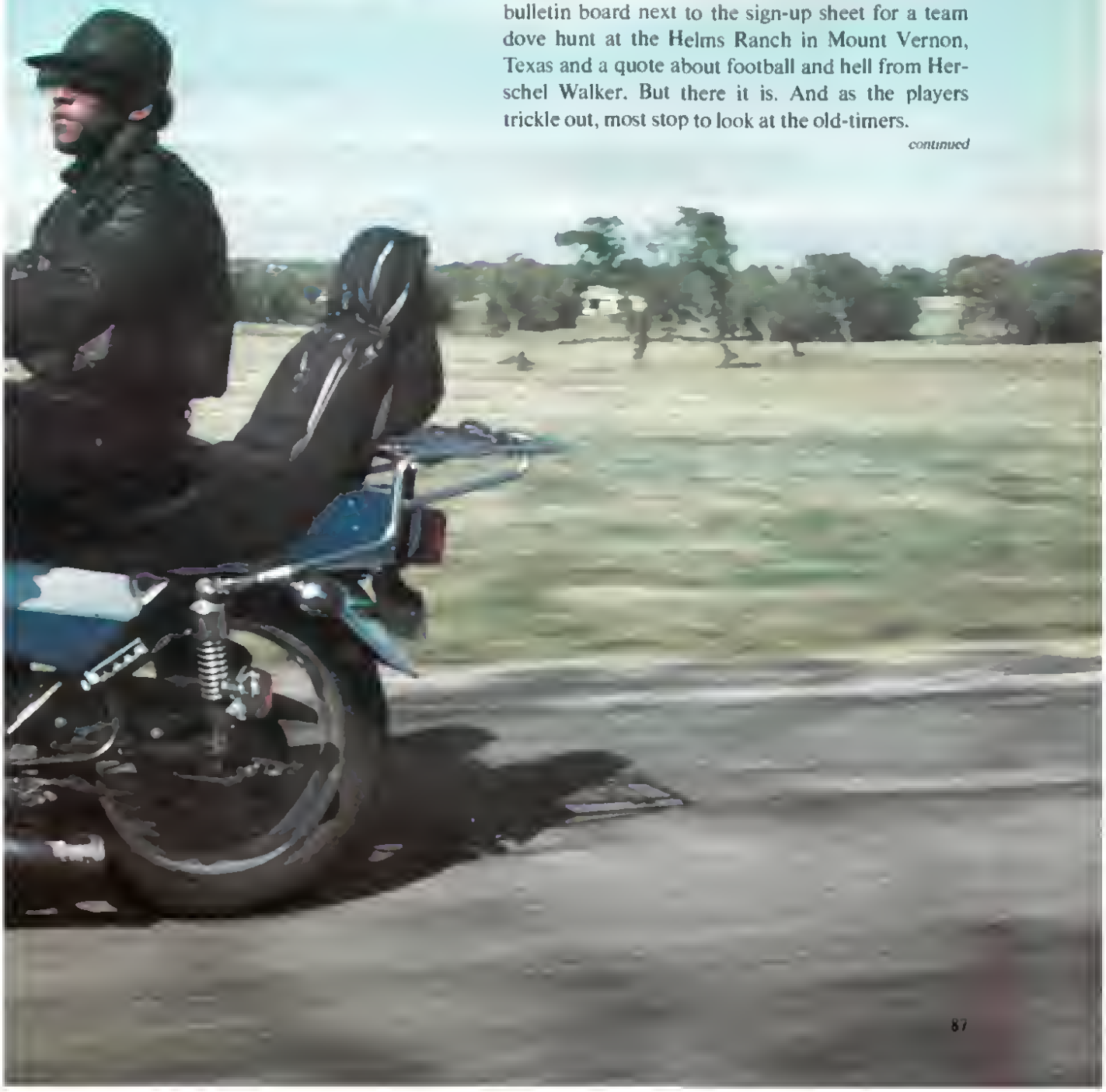


Having mastered The System, Dallas' Tony Dorsett is speeding to the finest season he has had since turning pro

by RICK TELANDER

Pete Gent is there, in the second row, looking troubled. In front of him sits Don Meredith, long-jawed, half-hayseed, smiling like a sharp. Don Perkins is there, too, and Bob Hayes and Dan Reeves. Way in the back looms big Bob Lilly. Nobody seems to know how the 1965 Dallas Cowboys team photo made its way onto the locker room bulletin board next to the sign-up sheet for a team dove hunt at the Helms Ranch in Mount Vernon, Texas and a quote about football and hell from Herschel Walker. But there it is. And as the players trickle out, most stop to look at the old-timers.

continued





Dorsett eats on the run, and to keep him running Landry designs game plans to limit the pounding that his star must take from Dallas' opponents.



Tony Dorsett walks up and puts a finger on the photo, looking up at the faces and then down at the names listed below. "Don Perkins," he says softly. "Renfro." His eyes move to the grimacing young man sitting in the second row, the one who looks upset, betrayed somehow, as though the sun is shining in his eyes only.

"Pete Gent?" asks Dorsett. It is Gent, a Cowboy receiver from 1964 to 1968, the player who fell out with The Cowboys' System and later wrote his indictment of it, *North Dallas Forty*. There have been other name players who fell out—Pat Toomay, Duane Thomas, Hollywood Henderson; The System doesn't even tolerate sitting on the fence—but Gent is probably the best known and most thoughtful of them, the outcasts, the Men Who Didn't Fit.

If there is tension in Dorsett as he gazes at the photo, it is because until recently he seemed to be falling out, too. Though he routinely gained a thousand yards a year for the Cowboys, Dorsett didn't have that something—obedience, perhaps—that let Dallasites know where he stood, whether or not he was a real company man. Early along he did that uncool stuff—got into a bar fight, changed the pronunciation of his name from DOR-sett to Dor-SETT (which is



how a buddy said they said it in France), told folks he'd be quitting football after five years to go into acting full time, had "TD" painted on the doors of his Lincoln Continental.

Dallas fans, described by Gil Brandt, the vice-president for personnel development, as "a white-collar, discerning audience," cheered players like Randy White and Harvey Martin. But they showered Dorsett with ambivalence. In 1978 Dorsett's parents flew in from the family hometown, Aliquippa, Pa., to watch a game. Dorsett had missed a practice earlier that week and been fined, and when he entered the game, the crowd at Texas Stadium heartily booed. It was a bad scene.

Dorsett was a proud but confused young man back then. In 1977, his rookie year, he told a reporter, "No one's gonna bad-mouth me in Pittsburgh, Dallas or Timbuktu." It sounded worse than he meant it. On the field he was good; as a Cowboy he wasn't making it.

And then, last spring, things changed abruptly, amazingly. Dorsett got married. He gave up his apartment in town and with his wife, Julie, and her 5-year-old daughter, Shukura, moved into a house 21 miles northeast of Dallas. He stayed out of bars; he worked out furiously; he showed up for camp last July in perfect shape. Tom Landry took one look and named Dorsett a team captain. The hottest items on Dallas sports pages became "New Tony Dorsett" stories. He seemed happy enough, and yet there was something almost grim about the 27-year-old's determination, his measured speech, his avoidance of controversy. He has maintained that attitude this season, and no doubt as a result is having his best year ever, with 1,331 yards rushing, 5.0 yards per carry. What happened?

"You hope in this life that you grow and don't always repeat your mistakes," Dorsett says, turning from the 1965 team picture. "I'm in the best shape physically and mentally I've ever been in and I don't want to waste anything now. I've made adjustments." He shrugs. "I mean, I guess I've matured."

As Dorsett walks blank-faced across the parking lot, it's clear that Pete Gent is no longer on his mind.



If you want one play that best illustrates what Tony Dorsett can do on a football field, you could go with a run he made off left tackle last year against St. Louis. The ball was on the Cardinals' four-yard line. The right defensive end was crashing down, the right linebacker was filling, the two corners were blitzing, and Dorsett was heading full steam into what was essentially a cup of defenders. Suddenly he pivoted on his right foot and stepped straight back out of the hole, turning 360 degrees. The two corners, Roger Wehrli and Carl Allen, collided headfirst at the exact spot where Dorsett had been an instant before. Dorsett swung wide around the left end, and though hemmed in by the safety, somehow outran him for a touchdown. The play lasted only a few seconds, but during it five defenders knew they were going to tackle Dorsett, yet none of them even *touched* him.

Dorsett speaks often of seeing "flashes of color" when he runs, blips of enemy hue that steer him through trouble like warning lights. On that play, though, he doesn't know what he saw. "It wasn't even color flashes," he says. "Sometimes it's just this feeling for everything that's happening around you, almost like an outside force. I knew people were coming and I stepped back in a spin . . . and . . . it was incredible." He stops there, humbled by the memory.

When a great runner gets the ball, the last thing you want him to do is think. Al Lavan, the Cowboys' running back coach, says that one of the big differences in Dorsett's rushing this year is that he now comprehends all the elements of the

continued



Dorsett's comfy spread 21 miles northeast of Dallas is far from the demanding crowd.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK PERLSTEIN

TONY DORSETT *continued*

plays he runs—the blocking, the timing, the pursuit angles, the *purpose* of the plays—and can call these things up in midstride, without thinking.

"He has that great reflex," says Lavan. "When something flashes in front of him, he'll run away from it—but it can also be a liability on certain plays. So we try to get him the ball where he can best utilize his abilities—deep in the backfield, quick up the middle, in the open, one on one. Our toss play, which is like USC's Student Body Right or Left, is really our bread and butter, the one play that has to be effective for our offense to work. When we come out in the I formation, everybody figures we're going to toss to Tony, but it doesn't matter as long as we run it right. Tony has such a good feel for the toss right now—we're averaging over five yards on it—that it's making everything else work. I try not to tell him too much, and I never tell him *how* to run, because at this point it would only restrict him."

Tony Dorsett is little—5′ 10″, 188 pounds—but he is quick, agile and fast, three distinct qualities. He is even tough. At Hopewell High School in Aliquippa he was All-America as a running back *and* all-state as a monster back. But the adjectives quick, agile, fast set him apart.

"The reason he strikes fear in everybody's heart on the field," says Chicago General Manager Jim Finks, "is that he has that rare ability to start and stop—which you usually don't find in the blazers—plus the ability to go all the way at *any* time. He reminds me most of Gale Sayers, who, until his knees went, never got caught from behind."

The Cowboys, as everyone knows, have tests for everything. No one has run their agility test, a course that is dotted with cones and hurdles, faster than Dorsett. They have another drill, developed by Conditioning Coach Dr. Bob Ward, called the Agility-Speed-Unexpected Visual Stimulus Test, which uses flashing lights to direct runners in various directions. No one has come close to Dorsett in that one, either. As Ward says, "Dorsett's ability to perceive the unexpected is extraordinary."

Brandt speaks of the "trout" in Dorsett, his ability to wiggle upfield, to make tacklers behind him miss. But in a straight line Dorsett is also unique. He repeatedly ran 4.3 40s at the University of Pittsburgh, and at the 1979 Super Stars competition he clocked a 9.5 hundred—in tennis shoes, on cement, with a bad start. In fact, Dorsett probably is one of the two or three fastest running backs ever to play the pro game.

Still, it is remarkable that no one has ever stopped him, at any level. He has been a running back for 11 years—two in high school, four in college, five as a pro—and he has rushed for more than 1,000 yards all 11. His lowest total—1,004 yards—came in 1974 as a sophomore in college. His highest—1,948 yards—came in 1976 as a senior. As a pro he averaged 1,156 yards a year before this, his best season. His durability doesn't compute; he has had no knee surgery, no serious injuries of any kind. When he arrived at Pitt, he weighed 155 pounds. Four years later he had broken or tied 14 NCAA records, including most yards rushing in a career (6,082) and most points in a career (356). He won the Heisman Trophy in 1976—"If he'd played both ways, he could have won

continued



Now that he has settled down with wife Julie, Tony's dog days are far behind him.


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three," says Johnny Majors, his coach at Pitt—and a year later he led the Cowboys to their second Super Bowl championship. "He was the ingredient that made us champions," says Brandt, in case there is any doubt.

On the surface everything has gone splendidly for Dorsett all along. In Dallas he started right off with the endorsements for Converse and 7Up. His football contract, renewed last season, was for six figures. The girls were always there. Maybe he fumbled too much, but he was a small man in a vicious game. In a 1979 Gallup survey, American teenagers voted Dorsett their second favorite sports personality. First choice was near-saint Roger Staubach.

The problem was that although Dorsett was an adult, he was reluctant to put away youthful things. A lot of it was friskiness, just plain I'm-rich-and-happy exuberance: the stories about acting ("No, I don't think I want to act," he says now), the time he and a date were taken to jail in handcuffs (because Dorsett didn't think the cops were acting civilly toward them), the vanity license plates that read TD 33 ("I got rid of those fast," he says). But some of it was because he was spoiled.

Dorsett had created ripples in Pittsburgh—had a child with his high school sweetheart (they agreed not to marry); piled up reams of parking tickets at school—but people forgave quickly around there. After all, Dorsett was born just about 20 miles from the Golden Triangle. But now he was in Dallas, a Texas boomtown where rich people wore boots, ate chicken-fried steak and liked their football players respectful. The paradox was that certain things were so easy—Dorsett didn't even start for the Cowboys until the 10th game of his rookie year, but he still set team records for most rushing touchdowns in a season, longest run from scrimmage and most yards in a game—while other things were so hard. Why didn't Landry run him more? Who *cared* if he was late for a practice? Why couldn't you have fun and still be a Cowboy?

"Tony is shy to a degree," says his good friend, Cornerback Dennis Thurman. "And from the start people here misunderstood him. Realistically, having that much money and coming from where he did, well, he needed time to adjust. But he got labeled a troublemaker—which he certainly isn't—and it's hard to get rid of that. He was always accepted by the players. But it's only now that he's acting the way outside people expected from Day One."

Today is an interesting one for Dorsett. He has been named Best-Dressed Man in Professional Sport by the Custom Tailors Guild in New York, and he thinks that's a hoot, typical of the press he has come to distrust and fear. "I mean, how do they know what I wear?" he asks. "How many times do I even go to New York?"

He stares with awe at the floor in front of his locker. Though Dorsett is indeed a snappy dresser, the award does seem rather silly just now. He has plans to go to dinner at a nice restaurant, but he has forgotten his dress shirt. And he slammed his new sport coat in his car door, ripping it and spotting it with grease.

As the room empties, various items near Dorsett's locker become evident. Dennis Thurman has a picture of Sugar Ray Leonard in his locker. D.D. Lewis has a picture of Drew Pearson. Drew

continued



Dorsett may be all but untouchable on the gridiron but hearthside he's an old softie smothering folks like Shukura with affection.


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Pearson has a picture of Tony Hill. Robert Newhouse, the veteran fullback, has syringes in his locker, and he limps off to give himself an allergy shot in the bathroom. "When Tony arrived, the fullback stopped running," Newhouse says. "Just kidding."

Prominent in Dorsett's locker is a New York Yankee hat and a tall jar of gumballs. On the bench is a large stack of envelopes; Dorsett has had to hire a secretary to answer his mail. At the bottom of the locker is a cracked stained-glass picture of Dorsett, given him by a fan. People give Dorsett a lot of things, which is a problem because they usually want something in return. In 1979 someone gave him a mirror. Dorsett dropped it on his right big toe, breaking it, and missed the entire preseason and the first regular-season game.

"Probably Tony's biggest problem in the beginning was that he couldn't say no to anybody," says Brandt. "He spread himself too thin. He'd say, 'I'll be at your house at eight and yours at nine,' and it was impossible."

At dinner Dorsett considers his past. "I'd say that things did come at me too fast, and that I was a little naive. But everything was so easy. Going from nothing at Pitt to the national championship and the Heisman. Then the Super Bowl. Then Rookie of the Year . . . It still freaks me out.

"After a while I just started drifting, taking it easy and getting my thousand yards. I don't know why—maybe it was not carrying as much as I wanted—but I wouldn't do anything for two or three series and I'd lose my feel for the game.

"The thing that changed it for me was the NFC championship game last year. I didn't get a lot of yards and we lost to Philadelphia. I know I didn't lose the game, but something came together then and made me want to reach out. I'd always worked and now I wasn't working anymore. I decided I would run and lift weights and do whatever it took. If I failed, I wanted it to be all of me. I'd do whatever the team wanted. If I ran only two times a game, I'd be the best two-carry-a-game runner that I could be."

At halftime of the Dallas-Miami game six weeks ago Mel Renfro walks out onto the field to be inducted into the Cowboys' Ring of Honor. The Ring is a metal band on the facade between the two suite levels of Texas Stadium, and the few names engraved there represent the most hallowed of Cowboy greats—Lilly, Don Perkins, Meredith, Chuck Howley. The Ring is different from most honor rolls: Players' numbers aren't retired, but next to their names go the years they played as Cowboys. Thus, at first glance, it appears that none of the enshrined men lived more than 13 years.

Tex Schramm, the Cowboys' president and general manager, a man whose



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real first name is Texas and who only a few moments ago was up in the press box hurling obscenities at the Dolphins and the refs and anyone else who stood in the way of his team, introduces Renfro.

In front of the podium the Dallas players and coaches stand in three lines, at attention, the players with helmets at their side. The men look so much like an elite guard that the parallel between football and armed conflict seems unusually clear, give the players weapons and they could defend a bunker or a palace. Tony Dorsett will remember later feeling very happy for Renfro at this moment (they were teammates in 1977), but not thinking of his own chances of being similarly honored by the Cowboys. If things continue as they have, though, Dorsett is a shoe-in for the Ring. He is already the best running back in Cowboy history. Though the criteria for being selected aren't precise, being a good and loyal Cowboy clearly is important.

When asked earlier how or why or when a player is chosen for the Ring, Schramm shot back: "The organization decides."

Mel Renfro, 1964-1977, cornerback supreme, looks like a good Cowboy. He stands there now solemnly, bald head shining, in a Dallas-blue leisure suit. On his feet are Dallas-blue cowboy boots with "20" (his number) and "Renfro" tooled up the sides—a sort of Charley Pride for the NFL.

"What happened with my name," says Dorsett, "is that my freshman year at Pittsburgh they said, 'You're Tony now.' There was Anthony Davis at USC—'A.D. in the West.' And I was going to be Tony Dorsett—'T.D. in the East.' But I don't like 'Tony.' My name is Anthony Drew Dorsett. I'd always been called Anthony, and I just like Anthony as my name. For two years I wouldn't sign 'Tony,' but it didn't matter because that's what I was called. Now even my friends call me Tony. Even my parents do.

"So I figured, O.K., if the press can do that, why can't I change the accent on my last name, like a friend suggested. It was just a gimmick, something to do to see people's response. And people said all this negative stuff, that I was crazy, that I was on drugs. Man. It's not as bad as changing your name to Ahmad Rashad, is it? Or Kareem Abdul-Jabbar? It's strange," Dorsett pauses. The press, which promotes as well as dissects star athletes, mystifies him. He thought it would be fun to use its powers early on—to have it as his forum—but he soon realized that words spoken to one person looked different when printed for the many. He now thinks hard before answering questions.

"I'd still like to be called Anthony," he says, almost wistfully.

A reporter offers to call him Anthony from now on.

continued



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"No, no, that's O.K. Call me Tony," says Dorsett quickly. "I'll never do anything like that again."

In the Dallas-Los Angeles game seven weeks ago, Tony Dorsett, weakened by an upset stomach, broke away for a long touchdown run. Normally, he is the essence of nonchalance in the end zone, dropping the ball as soon as it's no longer needed. In his weakened condition that day Dorsett could have been expected to lie down after scoring. But instead he joyfully heaved the football into the stands, earning an automatic $100 league fine. He did it, he says, to buy some emotion for the Cowboys. As a team captain, Dorsett says he'd like to see more enthusiasm from the players. "Sometimes when we play, we're almost mechanical," he says.

Ironically, that's a rap that was previously laid on Dorsett himself, that just the way he picks himself off the ground—more slowly even than the legendarily weary Jim Brown—indicates how emotionlessly he plays. "Well, some things I can't change," he says. I've always done everything slowly. You can ask my mom." (Myrtle Dorsett, who is visiting her son, agrees that Tony was about as slow a child as ever took out the garbage. He never fell off anything, either, she adds.) And in truth, Dorsett is one of the most impassioned, aware competitors around

He has always gone all out in practice, running the ball 20 or 30 yards upfield after each play. And no opponent has ever questioned his intensity during games. His eyes, which can give him a sleepy, Flip Wilson look in civilian life, enlarge afield and, like radar, miss nothing. Johnny Majors' father, the late Shirley Majors, a football coach at the University of the South for 21 years, saw Dorsett in person in just one college game. "Johnny," he told his son later, "I watched that little rascal with those great big eyes and, I'll tell you, I've *never* seen a man look around so much."

The real problem with emotion in the Dallas setup is that, like Dorsett's resilience, it doesn't compute. "America's Team" has been skillfully manufactured to dispatch opponents with methodical precision. Any new device which may enhance the juggernaut is tested—the latest being a Sensory Deprivation Tank, a silent, water-filled coffin, in which, according to Dorsett, Kicker Rafael Septien lives—and anything that can be computerized, is. The motifs are conservatism (players are encouraged to marry, buy homes and settle in the community) and stability (the ruling quartet—owner Clint Murchison, Schramm, Brandt and Landry—has been with the club since its inception 21 years ago). The result is The System, and a team that is remarkably consistent—could any other club lose a quarterback like Staubach and not miss a beat?—but which seems to lack soul.



In high school Dorsett won an award for scoring; as a college junior he ran for 303 yards vs. Notre Dame.



But in truth, Dorsett is nearly as fortunate to be with the Cowboys as they are to have him. With his eagerness to carry the ball more, Dorsett could have been used up in a hurry by a hungry coach. Landry wants him running toss plays for 16 games a season for a long time.

"We have a multiple offense with a lot of skilled people, and Tony is part of the overall plan," says Landry. "But when a player comes back in the condition Tony was in and performs like he has this year, then he takes more of a major part. I'm sure when teams play us now, the first thing they want to do is stop Dorsett, and I don't think that was the case in the past. But I'd never use him like Earl Campbell's used. He can't carry the ball 30 or 40 times a game, even in great shape; he's still small."

Tampa Bay took Ricky Bell first in the 1977 draft. Seattle was set to pick Dorsett second, but Dorsett told the Seahawks he'd go to Canada if they did. The bluff worked, and for its first and three second-round picks Dallas got the Seahawks' choice. Brandt wanted Dorsett so badly he might have been willing to offer half of Murchison's oil holdings for him. "We just realized we were never going to win the big games without a great tailback," says Brandt.

Now the elements—organization and runner—are very closely meshed. Of the 28 games in which Dorsett has gained over 100 yards, Dallas has won 26. It is even said that the Great Wall himself, Tom Landry, has a weak spot for Dorsett. "I get along with him fine," is about all the coach says. But a few years ago when Dorsett missed that practice, the only one he's missed, and then apologized to teammates, Landry actually began a sen-

continued


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In areas that have many publicly supported patients, the repercussions of cost shifting become more severe. Hospitals that have fewer private patients are forced to absorb those costs themselves. This can lead to bankruptcy and forced closings, which in turn denies proper health care to people in these areas. This isn't speculation. In a number of states, hospitals with a high percentage of Medicare and Medicaid patients are in severe financial distress.

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But these measures won't solve the problem of cost shifting. The best solution ultimately is equality of payment among all payers. This is not a theory, it's a reality now in two states.

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tence to newsmen that went, "Probably it was my fault. . . ."

Of course, the bottom line for any corporation is productivity. Good labor, good management. And Tony Dorsett is that good.

When Dorsett was 14, Melvin Dorsett, the oldest of the five Dorsett brothers, died of a heart attack in the family home. For a while Tony couldn't sleep in the house and moved in with his older sister. After that, he spent a lot of time swinging on a particular swing at a nearby playground. Dorsett doesn't like to reveal any of these things about his past; in fact, he'd be happy now if reporters sort of left him alone. But there it is: A beloved older brother with a drinking problem died in sight of his kid brother.

When Dorsett first came to Dallas, he got serious with a girl who subsequently died of a rare nerve disorder. This year a Cowboy defensive tackle named Don Smerek was shot in the chest outside a Dallas nightclub frequented by some of the players. The Cowboys were told of the shooting just before a game at San Francisco; they were thrashed by the 49ers, 45–14, their worst defeat in 11 years.

A strong man, Smerek survived, and after being released from the hospital he visited the Cowboy locker room. Dorsett was shocked. "His chest used to be huge, like two dumbbells," says Dorsett. "But now, my God. . . He said when he was shot, he could feel himself dying."

These things have their effect, and it isn't surprising that over the years a lot of the kid stuff has been wiped out of Dorsett. "Tragedies make you realize how selfish you are," he says. "Death has a way of putting things in perspective." Since going into the NFL, Dorsett has been active in numerous charities, notably the American Heart Association, to which he feels a closeness because of Melvin.

"Marriage isn't the thing that changed Tony entirely," says Julie, who met Dorsett while she was working as a lab technician in California, near the Cowboys' Thousand Oaks summer training camp. "He's told me that I've made a big change in his life—because now he has somebody to share things with. Right after the Cowboys lost the NFC championship game last January, we sat and talked and he said how he just wanted to straighten out all of his life, to change a lot of things so he could do what was best for his career. He proposed to me then, and we were married in April. I don't understand a lot of things about football—in fact, I had to think a long time before I knew I wanted to share the pressures of his life with him. And there are a lot of pressures. But I know that being named captain shocked him and moved him. And I know he really wants to succeed with the Cowboys."

Says Brandt: "A bad wife can be bad, but a good, understanding wife can help a lot."

Dallas has just stunned Miami. Down by 13 points with five minutes to play, the Cowboys rallied for two touchdowns and a 28–27 victory. The crowd was noisy (for Cowboy fans). Dorsett, who gained 122 yards on 24 carries, says the fans were the reason the team had momentum on its last drive.

Wide Receiver Butch Johnson and Dorsett sit now at a table in the party room at Dorsett's house, out there on the plains where people tether horses in their backyards. (Dorsett fell while riding a horse a couple of years ago and these days prefers to charge around the countryside on his Kawasaki 750.) The room features a huge stereo, a bar, a trophy or two, and Dallas-blue and silver decorations. Dorsett had it done this way and calls it his "Cowboy Room."

Earlier Dorsett had said that his major goal was to go to Super Bowl after Super Bowl, but that a smaller goal was to be mentioned some day "in the same breath" with O.J. Simpson, Jim Brown, Gale Sayers, Walter Payton and Earl Campbell. He also said that it's time for him to start thinking about life after football, to start meeting the right business people. "In a way, I feel like I've wasted four years," he said.

Johnson, an entertaining and excitable person—something of a Cowboy anomaly—has been explaining why Dorsett isn't as popular in Texas as Campbell. And he has been explaining what Dorsett can do to rectify the situation. Among other things, he says, he can socialize with Howard Cosell.

Dorsett is listening, with a determination that verges on obsession.

A few days later Dorsett would discuss the changes he is now going through. "People can say, 'You can't buck the system,' right? 'Perform or leave,' right? But a lot of it is realizing what your role is. I've found I can do certain things and still remain me. With friends, my wife and I can be ourselves; with diplomatic people, we can be diplomatic. Now I know you've got to be versatile in life. Programs go on with or without you."

Pete Gent, the loudest of the Cowboy misfits, wrote something similar in a piece on Tom Landry in a recent issue of *D* magazine: "The great players have come and gone. The System has won."

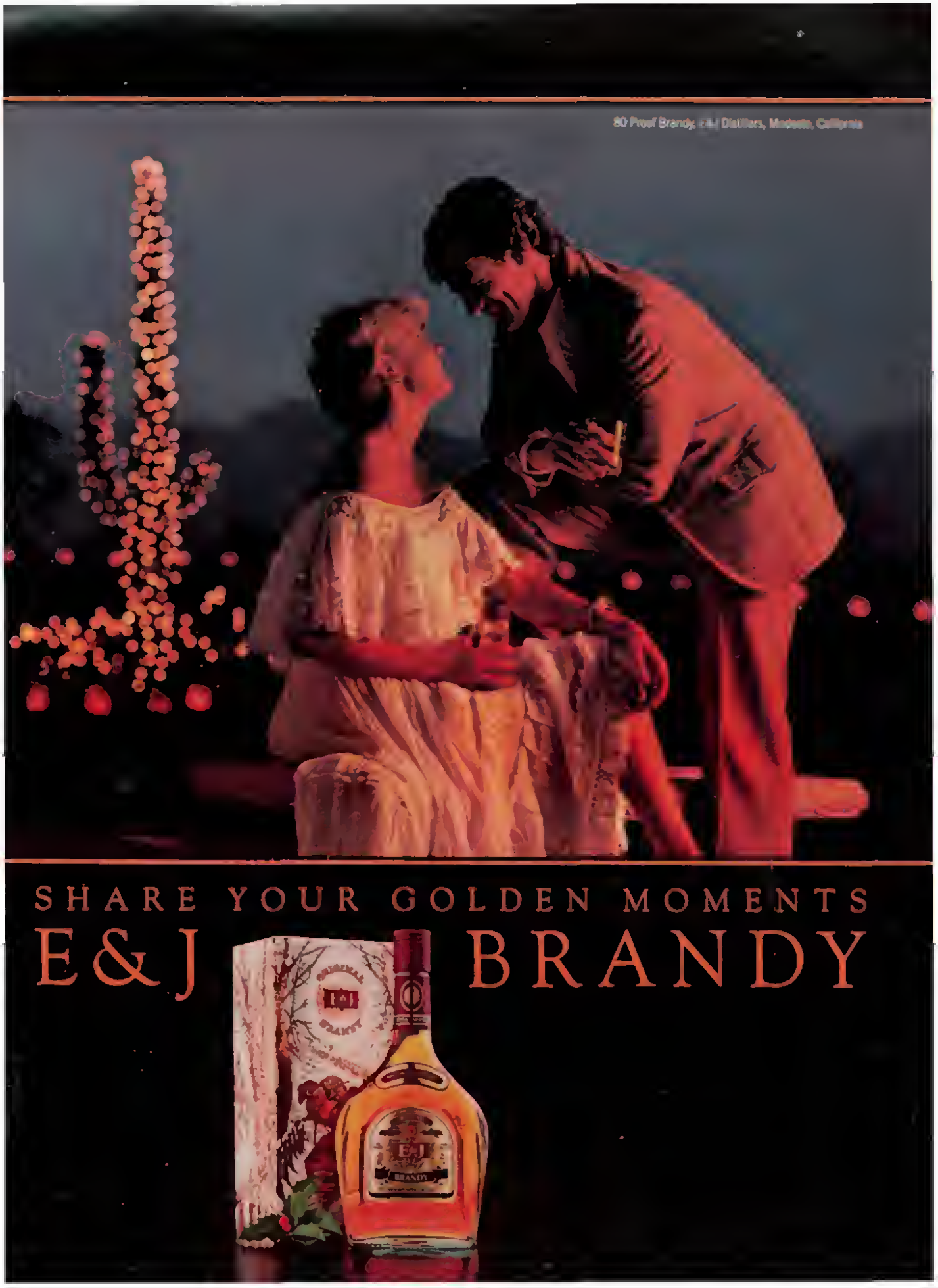
You can be cynical and buy that and say Tony Dorsett has been broken, whipped, that unlike Paul Newman in *Cool Hand Luke*, he "got his mind right." Or you could say he's grown up.

Whatever. He sits there now, a young man staring into the dark with his immense, relentlessly searching eyes, ready to play the game. **END**

THE RECORD OF A 1,000-YARD MAN

YEAR	TEAM	CARRIES	YARDS	AVE.	TDs
1971	*Hopewell High*	*139*	*1,034*	*7.4*	*19*
1972	*Hopewell High*	*171*	*1,283*	*7.5*	*23*
1973	*Pitt*	*288*	*1,586*	*5.5*	*12*
1974	*Pitt*	*220*	*1,004*	*4.8*	*11*
1975	*Pitt*	*228*	*1,544*	*6.8*	*14*
1976	*Pitt*	*338*	*1,948*	*5.8*	*21*
1977	*Dallas*	*208*	*1,007*	*4.8*	*13*
1978	*Dallas*	*290*	*1,325*	*4.6*	*10*
1979	*Dallas*	*250*	*1,107*	*4.4*	*7*
1980	*Dallas*	*278*	*1,185*	*4.3*	*11*
1981	*Dallas**	*264*	*1,331*	*5.0*	*4*

* 1981 totals through 13 games


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First Person

by LARRY COLTON

BILL WALTON WAS SOME TRAILBLAZER, ON A BICYCLE AS WELL AS ON COURT

The view from Neahkahnie Mountain was spectacular: clear blue Oregon sky, rugged coastline, steep basalt cliffs, lush conifers, the Coast Range in the distance. A nice place to start a bike trip.

Bill Walton stared at the layer of summer fog hovering offshore and then turned to survey my yellow Schwinn Varsity, with baby seat, kickstand, generator light and balding tires.

"You're going on *that*?" he asked, raising his red eyebrows.

I nodded, wondering how I'd let myself get talked into this venture—a two-day, 150-mile bike trip on the winding, mountainous Pacific Coast Highway. I was accustomed to riding three blocks to the 7-Eleven.

It was August 1977, two months after Walton had led the Portland Trail Blazers to the NBA championship. Blazermania was rampant in Oregon and Walton was king. I was 35, a journalist and not exactly in Olympic form.

"Go slow, Bill," I urged as we eased onto the highway. A sign read BICENTENNIAL BIKE ROUTE. A big logging truck barreled by, nearly blowing me off the shoulder. "This doesn't seem like fun," I said.

Bill was riding his $1,000, custom-made, super-lightweight Falcon touring bike, a gift from a cycle shop near UCLA. His wife, Susan, and their 2-year-old son, Adam, were going to follow us intermittently in a Mercedes. A six-man film crew would shadow us the whole way, shooting footage for a documentary on Walton. I was the pinch pedaler—there was no time for practice laps, it was just mount up and go—called by the film crew only the night before to fill in for a friend of Bill's who had pulled out at the last minute. We were wired with mikes.

"Wait up, Bill," I yelled. "I want to ask you about the time you . . ." It was too late. He was far ahead, his long legs pumping like the pistons of a well-oiled machine. I suddenly got the picture: I would be playing catch-up bicycle the whole way. Ahead, I could see a Winnebago slowing down, an Instamatic aimed out the window. Oregon's state monument was rolling by.

I rode 10 tough miles into the wind before seeing Big Red again. He was relaxing beside the highway, sipping apricot nectar, picking blueberries and shying away from the Instamatics. His bike was lying in the tall grass.

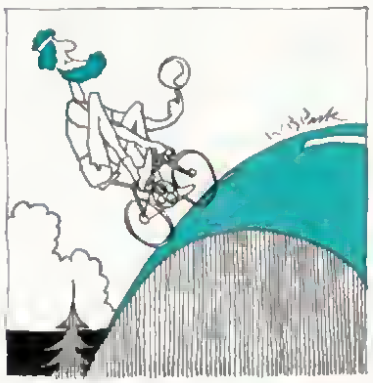
"For a thousand bucks, seems like your bike should have a kickstand," I said, huffing to a stop.

A minute later, he hopped back up and said, "Let's hit it." Trained on the streets of Westwood, now he was attacking the Oregon coast as if it were Artis Gilmore.

I labored to stay close the next few miles as we turned inland through a pastoral valley, past grazing Angus and clear streams. A Grandpa McCoy type drove by in an old pickup, honking a salute. We returned to the coastline, the ocean breeze offering little relief from the unusually hot afternoon sun.

"My butt is getting sore," I yelled,

ILLUSTRATION BY W.B. PARK



shifting to get comfortable, sort of.

Bill slowed down to let me draw alongside. "Pain can be a state of mind," he said. "If you convince yourself it doesn't hurt, even if it does, you can keep going. Just let yourself relax, keep it smooth, keep a steady pace. You're working too hard. See, without even pedaling, I'm going faster than you."

"Want to trade bikes?" I asked.

He thanked me for the offer and then shifted gears and pulled away, the sun glistening on his tan shoulders. I was alone, just me and the white lines on the road and the gradual numbing in my legs. It was another 20 miles before I spotted Susan, cruising by in the Mercedes after an afternoon at the beach with Adam. Her comforting, earth-mother smile eased the pain a little. "Where's Bill?" she asked.

"I haven't seen your hubby in two hours," I said, motioning over the crest of the next hill.

At dusk I wearily rolled into Oceanside, a small coastal resort town. As I stumbled off my Schwinn, I fell exhausted right into the middle of Main Street. I wasn't trying to be dramatic for the film crew. I didn't have the energy for that. I truly felt as if I'd just pedaled over the Himalayas. "Count me out for tomorrow," I said, eyeing the passenger seat of the Mercedes. "The legs are gone."

"Twenty minutes of stretching exercises tonight and you'll be ready in the morning," Bill said. "You can't quit."

I wasn't so sure. At dinner that night, I could barely lift my fork. Bill had no such problem. He wolfed down two large salads, two bowls of clam chowder, a large crab cocktail, a bowl of cottage cheese, an order of prawns, a salmon steak and a baked potato. It was tiring just to watch him.

Between bites he talked of his days at UCLA. "Coach Wooden was really good with me," he said. "I really like him, although sometimes I had the impression he wanted everybody to be just like him. I got on his wrong side my first week at school. I had a huge party in my dorm room, and we got into all sorts of trouble. Vandalized the place. I ended up getting kicked out of the dorm."

The conversation turned to methods of travel. "The summer after we won the NCAAs my sophomore year, I hitchhiked 13,000 miles across Canada and the United States," he said. "All the way to the East Coast. All I took was a backpack and $175. I had some great rides. One I remember was just outside Calgary. There must have been 30 hitchhikers in line. One guy said he'd been waiting four days. I went to the end of the line and got a ride in five minutes. The driver didn't know who I was; he just picked me out of the crowd. Another time a guy went 200 miles out of his way so he could talk with me."

The next morning Bill was up at dawn and eager to get started. I failed to share his enthusiasm; my whole body was stiff. For reasons I'm not sure I understand, I pulled myself out of bed and joined him for breakfast. Adam and Susan were still sleeping, which is what I wanted to be doing.

We were on the road soon after break-

continued

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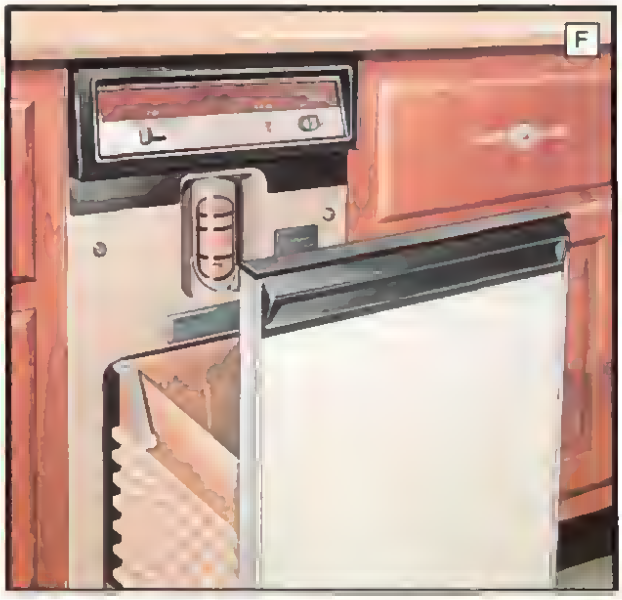
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fast. The film crew again followed us closely, and I got the impression that Walton would have liked to take a quick left at the county road, ditching everybody, but he was a good sport.

"Only 90 miles to go," he said, grinning back at me over his shoulder. "It'll be a piece of cake today."

However, as we started the long climb over Cape Lookout, the pile of breakfast pancakes I had eaten felt like dead weight in my stomach. The sun was burning through the fog, forecasting the 100° day to come. Even Bill strained going up the grade. He zigzagged to reduce the severity of the climb, challenging the morning traffic.

The rest of the morning we sailed over a gently rolling stretch of highway. Bill generously slowed the pace and I began to get a second wind. I smiled at rubbernecking drivers who spotted Bill. One lady in a Buick jammed on her brakes, rushed out of the car and handed him her owner's manual to autograph. We encountered her again five miles down the road. She was waiting with a pitcher of orange juice, a plate of oatmeal cookies and all her neighbors.

"How's the weather up there?" asked an elderly man, staring up at Bill, who was actually sitting on his bike but who still towered over the man. Bill just rolled his eyes. He quickly finished his glass of juice and we were off again.

By early afternoon we had reached the base of Cascade Head, another steep climb. I stopped for a rest, watching Bill disappear over the first rise. It would be a couple of hot, grueling hours before I laid eyes on him again. When at last I wobbled bowlegged into an earthy little health-food restaurant in Lincoln City, Bill was finishing a bowl of lentil soup and his second strawberry smoothie. My second wind was long gone. It, along with my legs, was back on Cascade Head.

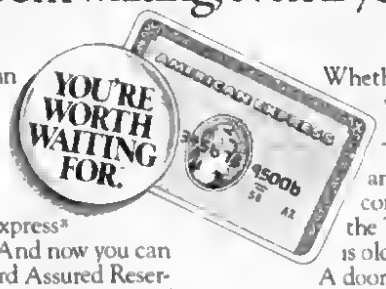
"I've had it," I said, gingerly slumping into a chair. "This is the end of the road for me."

I excused myself to go to the bathroom. When I returned, Bill was already gone, off on the last 30 miles of the journey. No goodby, no thanks for filling in and it's been nice riding with you, no attempt to urge me on. I stood there, surrounded by alfalfa sprouts and organic apple juice, listening to one of the guys in the film crew ask me if I wanted help loading my bike into the back of their van.

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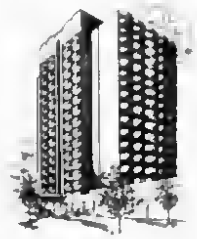
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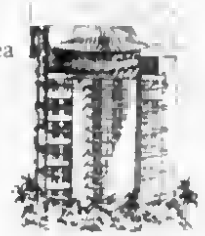
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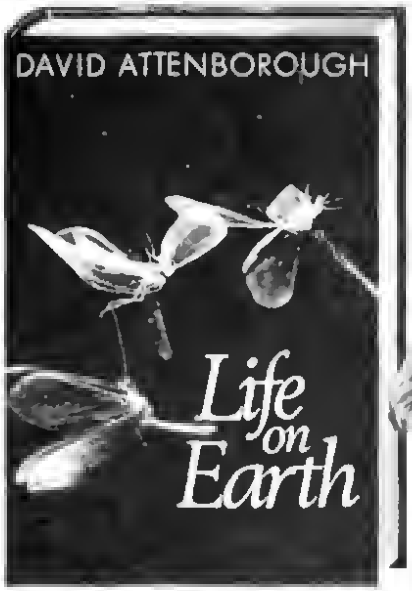
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"Hell, no," I said bravely, trying to rub some feeling into my legs. "I'll show him."

I pedaled off again, a sweat shirt wrapped around the seat for cushioning. The final leg of the trip would be the toughest of all. I rested frequently, looking for any excuse at all to gather my strength. In the west, a poet's sunset was gathering, splashing brilliant shades of orange and crimson into the Pacific. Some other time I would be able to enjoy it more.

"Big Bill Walton rode by here a little while ago," said a man with Texas plates on his car. "You should hurry and try to catch him."

"I'll do that," I said, not bothering to explain. I was in a race with darkness.

One last mountain, Cape Foulweather, was left to climb. I paused at the bottom, a worn-out Sherpa at the last camp up Everest. I tried to get metaphysical, visualizing myself coasting down the other side.

It must have worked. After what seemed like an eternity, I cruised down a hill into the fishing village of Newport, the finish. There was no checkered flag, no crowd, just exhilaration. One small ride for Walton, one giant ordeal for me. I'd biked 150 miles, more than 100 of them alone. I knew the loneliness of the long-distance cyclist. If I hadn't exactly brought the road to its knees, I had at least survived.

I rode tall through the town toward the wharf where Bill was rumored to be waiting. "If he's not applauding when I ride up," I said to myself, "I won't let him be my hero anymore."

I shouldn't have worried. He was standing in the middle of the street, a big, crooked grin on his California face. He didn't offer a high five—that hadn't become popular yet and I may not have been able to reach it anyway—just a sincere pat on the back. "Nice damn going," he said.

I flipped down my kickstand, and we walked down the street to a restaurant where he and Susan and Adam had been waiting for almost two hours. A cameraman from the film crew handed me my unofficial but appropriate trophy, a large beanbag pillow to sit on.

I sat down to order a beer, the pillow elevating me above Bill. Looking down at him, I just couldn't resist asking, "How's the weather down there?" I was on top of the world. **END**

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PERSPECTIVE

by JOHN HILDEBRAND

A MODERN WOLF MAN MAKES TRACKS WHILE THE FUNDS LAST IN WISCONSIN

Flying high over the east fork of the Moose River, Richard Thiel listened for wolves. He sat behind the pilot, a map of northwestern Wisconsin spread across his knees, and followed the contours of the land. From 3,000 feet the woods below, with their snow-covered fire lanes and frozen creeks, looked like scrimshaw. On a clear day Thiel can pick up the *beep-beep* of any radio-collared wolf within a 16-mile radius. But this morning, in February 1981, the sky hummed with static.

Late in the previous spring, when these woods were hot and buggy, Thiel had trapped five wolves in this country, which is the southern-most timber wolf territory in the U.S. Before releasing the wolves, he fitted each with a lithium-powered radio collar. The collar transmits a signal that Thiel can pick up by means of antennae mounted on an airplane's wing struts. Now in winter, when wolves are most footloose, he was monitoring their range—eavesdropping from the sky in the morning and tracking on foot in the afternoon.

Flying north toward Solon Springs, Thiel picked up a faint pulse. He shouted over the engine's roar for the pilot to turn left and reduce altitude. The plane dipped down, converging on the transmitter until the signal was popping and the treetops were all a blur. Four whitetail deer were bedded down in a snowy clearing. At first glance Thiel mistook them for wolves. Then he spotted the pack, not 200 yards away. Loping through the snow, the wolves seemed oblivious of the deer and even the shadow of the plane passing overhead.

The Eastern timber wolf, or gray wolf (*Canis lupus lycaon*), once ranged over most of the eastern U.S., from Maine to as far south as Georgia. According to mammalogist Hartley Jackson, as many as 20,000 wolves may have roamed in what is now Wisconsin when it was a forest known to the pioneers as the Big Woods. That figure seems exaggerated, though probably it wouldn't have to the earliest settlers. Diaries tell of granddad beating wolves from his horse-drawn cutter with a buggy whip and of hysteria rushed along by the howling of wolves—literally at the cabin door.

When the Big Woods were finally cut down, the surviving wolves melted into the roadless northern counties. Then the Great Depression put many men out of city jobs and into the woods. Work crews cut roads into forests, opening them up to trappers and hardscrabble farmers who could make a $20 bounty on a wolf, half that for a pup. The few surviving wolves became celebrated oddities.

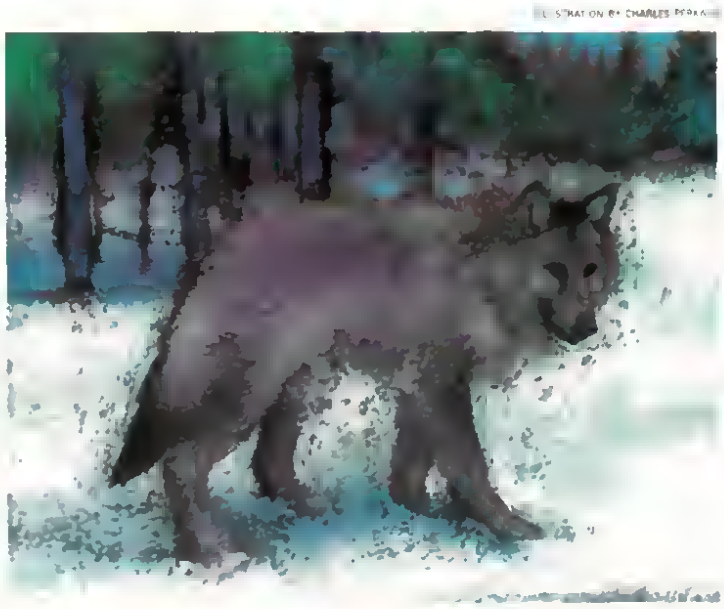


ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES PERAZA

Finally, sentiment began to build to keep a few wolves in northern Wisconsin, and in 1957 the state lifted the bounty. But it was too late. The wolves had gone the way of the Big Woods.

Growing up in suburban Milwaukee, Thiel, now 28, was a century too late to hear the wolf at the door. He knew the animal as most of us do: the ancestral dog that has not come to leash. Pity has replaced fear where our large predators are concerned. Ask Thiel why he studies wolves and he's likely to say he feels sorry for them. Trapped, shot and poisoned on their former range, timber wolves had hung on in Minnesota and on Michigan's Isle Royale. But rumors persisted of an occasional wolf in northern Wisconsin—an uncertain glimpse, a few tracks on a sandy road.

Thiel began searching for these phantom wolves in the early '70s, spending summers and college weekends prowling the northern counties for wolf sign. He typed painstaking reports of his findings and sent them along, unsolicited, to the state's Department of Natural Resources. In August of 1974 Thiel and a fellow biology student at the University of Wisconsin, Stevens Point, broadcast recorded wolf howls in the woods—using a tape player with the volume turned all the way up—to see if they could get a real wolf to howl back. One evening they were broadcasting from a canoe just after sunset, and they were about to quit for the night when a single timber wolf actually howled back. Thiel was so excited he forgot to start the tape on which they had hoped to get a recording of a howl. But he had some evidence! The next year, the state reclassified the wolf from extirpated to merely endangered.

Wisconsin's new wolves are almost certainly emigrants from neighboring Minnesota. Shut out by a sexually autocratic pack structure wherein only the dominant (alpha) pair breeds, the supposition goes, these loners headed southeast. They are the nucleus of Wisconsin's fragile wolf population. Thiel estimates there are fewer than 30 wolves in the state, but he believes Wisconsin could easily support as many as 100 in heavily wooded areas where they could stay out of trouble.

Now head of the DNR's wolf study, Thiel functions as something of a front man for the wolves. He travels the high school and wildlife-club circuit, showing

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slides and assuring his audience that wolves are "wonderful critters." Thiel, 6' 2", with a reddish beard and a raptor's eyes, gives the impression of having just mushed into town. He shows slides of wolves and wolf scats. He calls himself a "scat man." The audience howls.

After one such presentation, I talked wolves with Thiel and hinted broadly that I'd like to go along the next time he cruised the woods.

"Wait till we get some tracking snow," he said.

Skidding down an unplowed forest road in Douglas County later that month, I kept my eyes peeled for wolf tracks. The three of us, Thiel, the driver, a softspoken DNR man named Larry Prenn and I, were sandwiched into a ¾-ton pick-up. The snow was heavy and wet, good for tracking.

Earlier that morning Thiel had flown over a pack to the east, it was a tight group of seven wolves. Now we were driving the southern boundary of a pack with which Thiel had lost radio contact. Badly fragmented, this pack was down to a few wolves that seldom hung together. Thiel's only link to the group, a two-year-old male with ear-tag number 1187 and a radio collar, had been shot the week before. So now he had to track the remaining pack members on the ground.

Four white-tail deer, walking in that tentative gait suggesting high-heel shoes, ambled down the middle of the road about a quarter of a mile from the truck. Halfway to them, Prenn braked. "Wolf tracks," he said.

One set of tracks, left by a wolf going at a slow trot, led from a frozen swamp onto a fire lane. Thiel measured the track, four broad toes and claw points, which seemed indistinguishable to me from that of a large dog. But it was. Thiel said, definitely wolf, and judging from the frost in the toe depressions, it had been made the day before. Following the tracks down the road, we were rewarded with a wolf scat.

Wolves have a scent gland that allows their scats, like their urination, to serve as scent posts to mark their territory. Scat analysis can show what wolves are eating and whether times are good or lean. Thiel suspects the wolves round out a diet heavy in deer with snowshoe hare in the winter and beaver in the summer.

Prenn broke off a twig and pushed the scat into a paper bag marked with the date and location. The bag went into the back of the pick-up, joining at least 50 others. In the event of a sudden thaw, the truck was going to define a large territory of its own.

Since this scat was fairly fresh, Thiel decided to backtrack to see what the wolf had been up to. Lunging into some alder brush, we followed the tracks through knee-deep snow. Thiel took the lead. We kept close behind, stepping into his footprints so we wouldn't have to break our own trail. Wolves do the same thing to conserve energy. A seemingly lone set of tracks through deep snow may have accommodated an entire pack. In our party, Thiel had clearly assumed the alpha position. Had he been a wolf, his tail would have been flying high as he set a fast pace through the woods, stopping only occasionally to bark his position back to us.

Half a mile or so in, we broke through the alder into a bright spruce swamp. Thiel paused suddenly in a clearing where the snow cover was rumpled. He picked up a piece of bone lying there. Cordoning off the area with outstretched arms, Thiel started thinking out loud:

"It wasn't a deer kill. A fresh kill leaves too much pink snow. This was a single wolf just passing through when it got a whiff of something familiar. Over here." He indicated where the snow had been dug from under a bush, a possible scent post. "The wolf had cached a deer leg from an earlier kill beneath the snow here and remembered it when he sniffed the bush."

Thiel stooped and retrieved a leftover, a pair of fawn hooves, exquisite as tortoiseshell. He slipped them in his pocket and headed back to the truck. Not a few hunters take a dim view of the wolf's return to Wisconsin, because it's a rival predator. But a wolf will normally take one deer every 16 days, or about 25 a year, if he eats only deer—a minuscule cut of the venison.

Near Moose Junction we stopped to eat lunch on the warm hood of the truck. Thiel leaned back against the windshield. He said he was getting spring fever. He was anxious to trap again, particularly after losing number 1187.

When Thiel first set his traps near here, in May 1980, he worked with a young federal trapper from Minnesota. In 20 days they caught a lot of small animal and five timber wolves. One of these was a lanky yearling male, cinnamon colored, with a gray-and-white underside.

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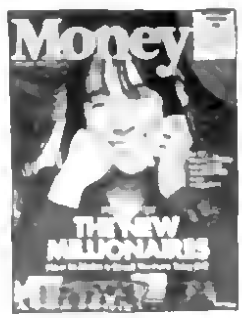
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They immobilized the wolf using a dart loaded with ketamine hydrochloride, a muscle relaxant, examined him, tagged his ear with his number and attached a radio collar around his neck.

"He was a real adolescent," Thiel said, "a gawky wolf with a skinny frame and big feet. Always off by himself.

"Within a pack, wolves have a definite personality range, but the wolves with collars are the only ones you really get to know. Everyone I work with knew 1187. All the pilots knew him. He had such a big range, over 100 square miles, and he wandered over all of it. Sometimes he'd trespass into another pack's territory and get kicked out. I worried about him because of the unwolfish things he'd do, like walking up to a pulp cutter, or trotting along a state highway a week before deer season. The big dope."

Thiel spoke with a mixture of irritation and affection, like a coach appraising a clumsy recruit with great potential. He had high expectations in regard to 1187. The wolf had been acting like an alpha male, not squatting to urinate, as subordinates do, but raising his leg to do it into the wind and assert his independence. This fact and the wolf's far-ranging habits led Thiel to believe 1187 had been ready to mate and form the nucleus of a new pack. But he was gone now, and with him the best laid plans.

"I knew he was going to get it," Thiel said, "and darned if he didn't."

The next morning the pilot called to say the ceiling was too low for him. Thiel was disappointed that he couldn't fly. On the ground he wouldn't sight any wolves; he'd have to be content with what they'd left behind.

They hadn't left much. The snow cover on Empire Swamp Road was crusting over. The clearest sign we came upon were our own footprints, which we'd made a few days before when we'd stopped for lunch.

Before checking out the Bear Lake pack, Thiel decided to stop to visit a farmer who had reported wolf tracks beside his cattle pasture. Alonzo Melton has a nice spread, 120 acres, mostly wooded, and it sits squarely on the boundary between two of Thiel's wolf packs. Melton wasn't home. His son led us through the snow to the north 40, where 10 Herefords were pastured, some apparently ready to calve. A few feet from the fenced cattle we startled crows feeding on a frozen gut pile, dumped af-

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ter a butchering last fall. Animal tracks radiated from it like spokes on a wheel. One set was large and led into the surrounding forest. Thiel followed it a ways. When he returned he said simply, "They're wolf all right."

A documented case of wolf predation hasn't occurred in Wisconsin since 1976, when several sheep were killed about 10 miles from the Melton farm on the Tamarack River. But if the wolves take hold, Thiel knows that relations with livestock farmers could become strained, as they have in northern Minnesota, where wolves are numerous and are classified as threatened rather than endangered.

When we returned to the farmhouse, Melton was waiting by the back porch. Thiel told the farmer he could avoid some "potential wolf trouble" if he'd move the gut pile and bring in his cows when they were ready to calve.

Melton stood there doing a slow burn. He, in turn, had some advice for Thiel. He wanted the wolves trapped off his property, and he wanted them moved "real soon."

"Look," he said, "the deer are gone. The hunting's no good around here since the wolves moved in. And now that they've wiped out the deer, they'll come after my cows."

Thiel was looking skeptically at the head of a six-point buck propped on a woodpile. He told Melton that the state couldn't remove a wolf until there was an actual case of livestock predation. And he added that Wisconsin, unlike Minnesota, pays no compensation for wolf-killed livestock.

We seemed to be frozen in a familiar scenario: homesteader against bureaucrat. But the roles seemed miscast, the lines of opposition sharper than they needed to be.

"Look, I love wild animals," Melton said, "maybe more than you do. That's why I moved up here. But I need them cows to make a living."

Thiel tried to meet him halfway. He admitted that the law put the farmer in a tough position, and said that he would keep an eye on Melton's farm to see if any more wolf tracks appeared.

Slowly the scenario dissolved. As we left, Melton suggested that someday Thiel stop to talk to his neighbor, who also raised livestock.

"Only he isn't likely to be as receptive as me," Melton said.

Thiel didn't stop at the other farm-

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house but drove on to Bear Lake Road to look for tracks. He was especially interested in locating a female that had been with 1187 the night he was shot. A week before, a couple living in a lakeside cottage had awakened to their dog's barking. As isolated people will do, the man went to the door with a rifle in his hands. He saw a doglike figure at the end of his dock and raised his rifle. Later he would say he thought he was shooting at a dog that had been running deer.

As the cottage door opened, 1187 left the dock and walked north a short distance along the lakeshore. When the door slammed, the wolf turned back to face the noise. The bullet entered its sternum and tore through its heart. A second wolf, which Thiel believes may have been 1187's potential mate, ran off across the lake. The man fired again but missed. When he saw the black radio collar and ear tag on 1187, he drove to the nearest phone, called the warden and said he'd mistakenly killed a wolf.

Despite setbacks like this and those years of doing unpaid, unofficial research, Thiel considers himself lucky, because Wisconsin is now studying wolves and he is in charge of the project. He goes about his work furiously, for fear that his luck will soon disappear, because federal wildlife research funds have been cut and state money is running out.

Before turning in on the last night of my visit, Thiel suggested that we do a little howling. Why not? We drove down a dark back road, close to a sighting Thiel had made from the air that morning.

In summer Thiel howls to locate a pack, knowing he's found it when the responding howls are accompanied by the higher-pitched yips of pups. One needn't sound like a wolf to elicit a response; some biologists make contact using a siren. But Thiel wants to sound like the real thing. He has practiced howling in his bedroom to a recording of wolf howls, as if it were one of those Berlitz discs that teach how to speak a foreign language.

Out on the road Thiel let out a low growl that quickly climbed several octaves into a long, long, hurtful wail that filled the woods and left me disquieted. There was no response. He supposed that the pack had moved on. But he tried three more times. The last howl struck me as particularly plaintive, laden with greetings and apologies across species lines, and all the more moving for the silence that followed. **END**



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Yesterday

by N. BROOKS CLARK

THIS 1931 FOOTBALL TOURNAMENT WAS ALL WET, BUT IT AIDED THE UNEMPLOYED

This week marks the 50th anniversary of the birth (and death) of an idea whose time has never come. On Wednesday, Dec. 9, 1931, four Ivy League football teams—Columbia, Cornell, Pennsylvania and Princeton—met in Yankee Stadium for an exhibition tournament, with all proceeds earmarked for the unemployed. The teams were to be paired in a drawing just before the first kickoff. The winners of the first two games would meet in a third game. Each game was to consist of two 12-minute periods, and in the event of a tie, a panel of judges would determine a winner by a formula that took into account first downs, fumbles, interceptions and yardage gained running, passing and punting. The use of the stadium was provided gratis by the Yankee owner, Jacob Ruppert.

The Quadrangle Football Tournament, as it was billed, wasn't the only charity exhibition in that bad Depression year. Nor was it the only one that was an elimination tournament—Brown, Dartmouth, Holy Cross and Yale had squared off in New Haven the Saturday before. (The Eli won by a decision of the judges before a crowd of 23,000.) The Yankee Stadium tournament was distinctive, though, because it took place despite a severe storm that had poured rain, sleet and snow on the field for almost a week. Princeton Halfback Hugh Seyfarth, now a retired Chicago publishing house executive, still wonders at the official estimates of the crowd, most of them near 8,000. "Eight thousand? Try eight. You could have swung every cat in New York City by the tail in those stands and never hit a customer," he says.

Columbia and Princeton were paired in the first game, Cornell and Penn in the second. The initial matchup was disappointing to Columbia, which had lost only once in 1931—to Cornell. Says Columbia Halfback Manuel Rivero, who retired as athletic director of Lincoln (Pa.) University in 1977, "It sounds a little silly after all these years, but we were looking for some revenge."

That season was the second of Lou Little's 27 as coach of the Lions, and the Tigers were no match for Little's squad. The kickoff went to Rivero on his own 16, and he headed up the left sideline. A Cuban native who had grown up in the shadow of Columbia and had worked as a concessionaire in Yankee Stadium, Rivero knew the geography. "I was running north to south," he recalls. "They all just slid past me as I went. Before I knew it, I was there. At that point, everybody got a bit of an idea of just how slippery it was going to get."

Columbia Captain Ralph Hewitt, who retired in 1973 after more than a quarter of a century as football and baseball coach at what is now Rhode Island's Portsmouth Abbey School, added the



conversion after Rivero's run, and subsequently ran 23 yards for a TD of his own. "Skidded 23 yards, really," he said. "You'd slide 10 with every tackle at any rate, but in this case I could feel people sliding right off me as I went. It was a miserable, mucky, damp, dismal quagmire."

"As bad as it was," says Caspar Wister, Princeton's left end, a retired banker who now lives in Leucadia, Calif., "it couldn't have been any worse for us than the season had been already. The year before that, Coach Bill Roper had put in a new set of plays every week and nobody knew any of them. At 1–5–1, we were the worst team Princeton had ever fielded, exceeded only by the 1931 team, when Albert Wittmer came in as coach and announced that we would have just one set of plays and stick with them. Those plays were no good, though, and we went 1–7." At Yankee Stadium the Tigers lost to Columbia 13–0.

The second game figured to be closer. Penn had been shut out by Notre Dame, Navy and Cornell in 1931, and thus had a score to settle. Cornell, under the legendary Gloomy Gil Dobie, had lost but once, 14–0 at Dartmouth.

Dobie's tried-and-true game plan never changed. "His off-tackle offense was antiquated even then," says Cornell End Richard Reiber, now a financial consultant in Dedham, Mass., "and he always favored the big guys because he felt they were less likely to make mistakes."

One Cornell player out of favor with Dobie, a big man himself, was a 5′ 8″ halfback named Bill Pentecost. "He was a flashy little runner," says Reiber, "and the crowds just loved him. They'd chant, 'We want Pentecost,' and Dobie would send him in. He'd run for 10 yards, get creamed, and Dobie would yank him right out again."

Now a semiretired banker in Scranton, Pa., Pentecost distinctly remembers one punt in the game that landed in front of him and buried itself in the mud. He also remembers a pass of his that was grabbed by a Quaker but squirted out of his hands like a bar of soap.

The game ended at 0–0, and the judges tallied the score at 279–206 for Cornell. But Columbia never got a shot at revenge against the Big Red—the finale was canceled because of the danger of pneumonia. Never completed or repeated, the Quadrangle Tournament has slipped beneath the grander memories of those who took part—much like the punted football that dug into the mud in front of Pentecost. Cliff Montgomery, a Columbia sophomore in 1931, later led the Lions to a 7–0 upset of Stanford as an All-America quarterback in the 1934 Rose Bowl. He remembers that the Quadrangle game was played, and that it was a mess, "but I can't for the life of me remember playing in it." (He did.)

Miserable though the day was, money was raised. In Bill Pentecost's name, for example, $100 was sent to the Family Welfare Association back home in Scranton, which had been particularly hard hit by the decline of its coal industry. He treasures the letter of thanks he got in return. "With times the way they were," he says, "it meant a lot for me to be able to give anybody anything—let alone 100 dollars. That feeling was one I keep with me always." END

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Nov. 23-29

Compiled by JANE E. BACHMAN

PRO BASKETBALL—Philadelphia and Boston each went undefeated on the week as the 76ers, 13–1 on the season, kept a half-game ahead of the 13–2 Celtics in the Atlantic Division. Philly's wins came 124–112 against Indiana, Andrew Toney scoring six of his game-high 33 points in overtime, and 116–103 against Detroit. Boston's victims were Golden State 122–101, Washington 113–100 and Atlanta 98–90. The last Celtic triumph cooled off a red-hot Hawk team that had begun its week with OT defeats of Cleveland (94–92) and Detroit (114–112) to run its winning streak to five straight. Atlanta also wrested the Central Division lead from Milwaukee, but the Bucks came within .015 of regaining first place as they defeated Midwest Division-leading San Antonio 105–89 at week's end. The loss left the Spurs only one game ahead of Denver, which extended its victory string to five by triumphing thrice behind the 87-point scoring of Alex English. Los Angeles had a nine-game win streak snapped in a 138–129 loss to San Diego, but the Lakers retained a half-game lead over Portland atop the Pacific Division.

CROSS-COUNTRY—At the NCAA championships in Wichita, Kans., MATTHEWS MOTSHWARATEU paced TEXAS-EL PASO to its fourth straight men's team title as he won the men's division by covering 10 kilometers in 28:45.6. BETTY SPRINGS of North Carolina State won the women's championship with a 16:19.0 clocking over five kilometers. VIRGINIA was the women's team titlist. At The Athletic Congress championships in Burbank, Calif., ADRIAN ROYLE and JULIE BROWN were the men's and women's winners *(page 82)*.

PRO FOOTBALL—With three weeks remaining in regular-season play, San Francisco became the first team to clinch a playoff spot. In beating the Giants 17–10, the 49ers also claimed their first NFC West title since 1972. In four of the five other divisions, however, the races were still very much on. Minnesota slipped into a three-way tie for the NFC Central lead with Detroit, a 27–10 winner over Kansas City *(page 42)*, and Tampa Bay, a 31–14 victor over New Orleans. The Vikings relinquished their grip on first place by losing twice, 31–30 to Atlanta on Monday night and 35–23 to Green Bay on Sunday. The Packers, paced by Lynn Dickey's three touchdown passes and Harlan Huckleby's two TD runs, confused things even more by inching to within one game of the leaders. There was a triumvirate atop the AFC West as well, with San Diego pulling into a tie with K.C. and Denver by beating the Broncos 34–17. Chuck Muncie ran for four scores and Dan Fouts passed for 256 yards as the Chargers' offense, the NFL's highest scoring, riddled the AFC's top-ranked defense. Both the NFC East-leading Cowboys and AFC East-leading Jets were victorious. Dallas chalked up its 17th consecutive regular-season victory at home, squeezing past Chicago 10–9, and Pat Leahy kicked four field goals as New York handed Baltimore its 12th straight loss 25–0. Buffalo remained a half-game behind the Jets by beating Washington 21–14. Elsewhere, Cincinnati maintained a two-game lead in the AFC Central, as Ken Anderson threw for four TDs in a 41–21 defeat of Cleveland, Steve Bartkowski passed for 372 yards and two TDs to lead Atlanta past Houston 31–27; St. Louis scored with 33 seconds left to beat New England, 27–20; Marc Wilson had three touchdown passes as Oakland edged Seattle 32–31, and Franco Harris carried 18 times for 114 yards in setting an NFL record for career carries (2,420) as Pittsburgh handed Los Angeles its first regular-season shutout since 1976, 24–0.

HOCKEY—Nearly a year ago, in the middle of a game, Quebec Goalie Michel Dion skated off the ice to protest the lack of support he was receiving from his teammates. It was thus sweet revenge for Dion, who now minds Pittsburgh's nets, when the Penguins defeated the Adams Division-leading Nordiques 7–1. Dion blocked 25 shots in the victory, the first of three on the week for Pittsburgh. The Penguins also stopped Montreal's five-game unbeaten streak, 2–1, and defeated Detroit 5–3. Dion had 76 saves in those triumphs, while rookie Forward Pat Graham had both goals in the defeat of the Canadiens and Paul Gardner scored twice within 41 seconds against the Red Wings. The Penguins, who had lost only once in their last 11 games, thus remained on the tail of the Patrick Division-leading Islanders, who split with Boston and beat St. Louis 9–2. Mike Bossy chalked up three goals and three assists in the wins, but still lost ground on NHL scoring-leader Wayne Gretzky who had eight goals and eight assists in pacing Smythe Division-leading Edmonton to four victories. Norris Division-leading Minnesota wasn't as successful, winning only one of three games despite seven goals by Dino Ciccarelli.

HORSE RACING—STALWART ($8.20), Chris McCarron up, beat Cassaleria by three-quarters of a length to win the $715,100 Hollywood Futurity. The 2-year-old colt ran the 1⅛ miles in 1:47⅘.

SOCCER—The U. of TAMPA beat Cal State-L.A. 1–0 to win the NCAA Division II title, in New Haven.

INDOOR SOCCER—MISL: Undefeated New York (3–0) remained atop the Eastern Division, as did 4–0 St. Louis in the Western Division.

TENNIS—IVAN LENDL won his seventh straight tournament by defeating John McEnroe 6–4, 2–6, 6–4 at a $350,000 indoor event in Milan, Italy.

CHRIS EVERT LLOYD won a $125,000 tournament in Sydney, Australia by beating Martina Navratilova 6–4, 2–6, 6–1.

WATER POLO—Stanford defeated Cal State-Long Beach 17–6 to win the NCAA title in Long Beach.

MILEPOSTS—CONVICTED: By a Federal District Court jury in Brooklyn, of conspiracy to engage in racketeering and sports bribery, former Boston College basketball player RICK KUHN, 26, of Swissvale, Pa., ANTHONY PERLA, 31, and ROCCO PERLA, 23, of Braddock Hills, Pa., JAMES BURKE, 51, of Howard Beach, N.Y., and PAUL MAZZEI, 38, of Pittsburgh. The charges stemmed from point shaving in six B.C. basketball games during the 1978-79 season.

FIRED: By the University of California, football Coach ROGER THEDER, 42, who had an 18–27 record in four seasons with the Golden Bears.

By the University of Kentucky, football Coach FRAN CURCI, 43, who was 3–8 in 1981 and 47–51–2 in his nine seasons with the Wildcats.

NAMED: Most Valuable Player of the American League, Milwaukee righthander ROLLIE FINGERS, 35, who had a 1.04 ERA and 28 saves for the Brewers. He is the first reliever in league history to win the award and the third American Leaguer to get MVP and Cy Young honors in the same year.

SIGNED: To a reported five-year contract for an undisclosed amount by the Boston Celtics, former Toronto Blue Jay Infielder DANNY AINGE, 22. The Celtics reportedly paid the Blue Jays $500,000 to release Ainge from his baseball contract.

TRADED: By the Colorado Rockies, Wing LANNY McDONALD, 28, and a 1983 fourth-round draft pick to the Calgary Flames for forwards BOBBY MacMILLAN, 29, and DON LEVER, 29.

By the Tigers, Outfielder STEVE KEMP, 27, to the White Sox for Outfielder CHET LEMON, 26.

By the Seattle Supersonics, Forward JAMES BAILEY, 24, to New Jersey for Forward RAY TOLBERT, 23, and a 1984 second-round draft choice.

DIED: Former world chess champion (1935-37) Dr. MAX EUWE, 80, who served as president of the International Chess Federation from 1970 to 1978, of a heart attack, in Amsterdam.

CLAUDIO COUTINHO, 42, former coach of the Los Angeles Aztecs and the Brazilian national soccer team, by drowning, while underwater fishing in Rio de Janeiro.

CREDITS

4—Roy Hobson. **34,35**—John Iacono. **36,37**—Paul Kennedy (top), John Iacono (3). **38**—Ronald C. Modra (top), Manny Rubio. **42**—John Iacono. **43,44**—Carl Skalak. **47**—John Iacono. **48,49**—Paul Bereswill. **50,53**—Tony Triolo. **58**—Paul Bereswill. **66**—Lana Stewart. **59**—Steve Deal Atlanta Journal & Constitution. **60**—Lana Stewart. **62**—George Tiedemann (top), Manny Rubio. **67,68**—Manny Rubio. **70**—Peter Read Miller. **82**—Richard Mackson. **85**—Andy Hayt. **88,89**—Walter looss Jr. (bottom). **97**—Pete Sabella Beaver County Times (top); AP.

FACES IN THE CROWD



JIM REINER
SOUTH BEND



DALE SCOTT
SOUTH BEND

Jim, a 6′ 1″, 193-pound running back, ran for 1,116 yards and 17 touchdowns on 188 carries and Dale, a 5′ 10″, 181-pound fullback, had 1,040 yards and 13 TDs on 190 rushes as the Touchdown Twins led St. Joseph's High to its third consecutive undefeated regular season. The two seniors became only the second and third players in the school's 28-year history to carry the ball for 1,000 yards in a season as the Indians stretched their regular-season winning streak to 31 games.



MOLLY CERNICER
LOS ALAMOS, N. MEX.

Molly, a senior forward, scored 51 goals in 16 games to pace the Los Alamos High girls' soccer team to the state championship. She was the state's leading female scorer as the Hilltoppers extended their two-year record to 26–0.



STEVEN SOROL
SAN JOSE, CALIF.

Sokol, 25, a graduate of Tufts University, set two unofficial world records by doing 52,003 sit-ups in 32 hours, 17 minutes and 13,013 leg lifts in 5 hours, 45 minutes. His feats benefited the American Red Cross and the American Cancer Society.



BOB MacFARLAND
STOW, OHIO

MacFarland, 40, coached the Stow High girls' volleyball team to its 100th straight Metro League victory with a 15–3, 15–5 win over Ravenna. The team, which was founded by MacFarland in 1972, also won the national junior AAU title.



WENDY WOOD
LEXINGTON, MASS.

Wendy, 17, daughter of former major league Pitcher Wilbur Wood, won the girls' 18 singles and doubles titles at the New England Lawn Tennis Association's championships in New Haven, Conn. She's top-ranked by NELTA in girls' 18s.

19TH HOLE
THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

BEAR REACTIONS (CONT.)

Sir:

Frank Deford's article on Coach Paul (Bear) Bryant is excellent ("*I Do Love the Football.*" Nov. 23). As a native Tennessean now living in the North, I have always been fascinated by the extraordinary importance of college football in the South. It is a phenomenon that many Yankees just don't understand.

Deford's description of the phenomenon—from the fashion-magazine outfits worn to the game to the top-rated coach's show on TV—and the sociohistorical reasons for it should help even the most uncomprehending outsider see more clearly what is at stake on Saturday afternoons in Tuscaloosa. It *is* the Civil War refought, the military heritage relived, the Southern general returned to life, the Southern woman returned to her pedestal (grandstand) and the Southern identity reasserted. True, some black men have now gotten into the battle, but history never repeats itself in exactly the same way.

The Bear's larger-than-life reputation obviously says more about the admirers than the man. Deford's explanation of what the myth means is as valuable as a shelf of books on "the mind of the South" for anyone who wants to understand the relationship between Southern football and Southern culture. And he discussed the myth without losing sight of the man.

LLOYD KRAMER
Ithaca, N.Y.

Sir:

A Bearologist myself, I thank you for the article on Coach Bryant. However, not only is Alabama one of the winningest teams in college football today, but it would also receive the "best mannered" award if such an award existed. There's no showboating on a Bryant-coached team. Nor will you see an Alabama player argue with an official or question a call, fight or taunt opposing players, or take part in any activity that would direct attention to the individual rather than the team. If one word could sum up the qualities of Coach Bryant, it would be "class."

STEVEN F. PERRY
Huntsville, Ala.

Sir:

I greatly enjoyed your article on The Bear, but I hate to see you refer to him as old. Down here, we're hoping he'll live forever.

CHARLIE THOANELL
Eclectic, Ala.

Sir:

Pity us poor Alabamians. It seems as though every time we start to think that maybe we're as good as almost anyone, along comes some kindly intellectual such as Frank Deford to put us in our places by gently reminding us that we are backward, bigoted, nose-picking morons.

What a startling revelation it was for this dim-witted fan to learn, via The Word of Deford, that the *real* reason I've been worshiping Bear Bryant and Alabama football all these years is because the South lost the Civil War and Bear is our "triumph, at last" . . . our "justification." Wow! Heavy stuff.

How the author managed to jumble so much sociological horse hockey into an otherwise mediocre piece about The Grand Old Bear is, well, naturally, beyond my comprehension. But, say, you don't suppose ol' Frank is still a bit light-headed from those 25 beer-commercial takes (LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER, Nov. 23), do you?

BOB CORNETT
Cropwell, Ala.

Sir:

The article was tasteless and biased. The campus in Tuscaloosa is beautiful. Frank Deford must have had his eyes closed when he drove down University Boulevard and passed the buildings that surround the Main Quad. Coach Bryant relieves himself just as everyone else does, but journalistic discretion should have ruled out the vivid urological description. And why, why did Deford have to rekindle memories of the early 1960s? Is nothing sacred?

A man has broken a football victory record at Birmingham's Legion Field with thousands of people attending and having a good time. The Crimson Tide gave a tremendous performance, the Million Dollar Band played superbly and the cheerleaders provided spirit leadership. Why? Because people in Alabama love football and Paul Bryant *is* football. Please let Alabamians and football fans everywhere enjoy the moment without snipes and barbs. The only positive thing about your treatment was Coach Bryant's portrait on the cover.

GUY R. SWANSON
Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Sir:

You Yankee heathens still look down your long noses at us Southerners, and now you've gone too far! You sent one of your peddlers of paganism down here, infiltrated our midst, just like Judas, and then not only betrayed one of our own sacred cows but in general just blasted the whole state of Alabama and the Southland.

Frank Deford's article on The Bear, etc., was the most ungodly piece this man of God has ever laid eyes on. Yes, it hurt the South and Alabama, but even more than that, it revealed the true prejudice that resides in the arrogant hearts of a few die-hard Yankees.

THE REV. RICH TEETERS
Faith Chapel of Huffman
Birmingham

PS. The South will rise again, and when we do, the first thing we'll burn is the Time-Life Building in Rockefeller Center.

Sir:

We don't consider Bear Bryant a god, but we do consider him one of the all-time great football coaches. Frank Deford evidently interviewed a couple of illiterate, boorish people—"Birds of a feather . . "—but he didn't interview the average person from Alabama or his article wouldn't have been so anti-Bryant and anti-Alabama. If my husband renews his subscription to SI, he will do so from his allowance, not from our general bill-paying fund.

TOMMIE B. LEWIS
Bessemer, Ala.

Sir:

Please cancel my subscription as of the Nov. 23 issue. The article about Paul Bryant by Frank Deford is the most vilifying and insulting piece of garbage I've ever read.

REX LIVINGSTON WEBB
Dallas

Sir:

There's one thing Frank Deford forgot on his trip through the South that, unfortunately, Sherman didn't: matches.

STEVE DOZIER
Midfield, Ala.

VIEWS FROM THE EPA

Sir:

SI has done a number on the Environmental Protection Agency (SCORECARD, Nov. 16). But this time the magazine must be charged with an error. In explaining EPA policy on fighting pollution through "nonconfrontational" methods, SI says that a certain paint company—with whom the EPA negotiated a cleanup settlement in California—was really pushed into action by a threatened California lawsuit. This implies that EPA's three months of negotiation were not a factor in the settlement. This is incorrect.

When negotiating with industrial polluters, EPA always reserves the right to take the company to court to secure cleanup. However, by not doing so in this California case, the EPA saved American taxpayers thousands of dollars in court costs, and cleanup efforts began at least a year earlier than they would have if normal court procedures had ensued.

Since SI's editorial appeared, EPA has

continued

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made two other "nonconfrontational" agreements on cleanup sites where industry will pick up the tab and again save much time and money for everyone. That's three agreements in six weeks—a pretty good score for the President's EPA team.

JOHN BYRON NELSON III
Director
Office of Public Affairs
U.S. Environmental Protection Agency
Washington, D.C.

• SI disagrees. In the case of the paint company, the lawsuit—which, as SI reported, was brought by the California Department of Health Services—wasn't merely "threatened." The paint company was dropped from the suit only after it agreed to aid in the cleanup. Moreover, SI never implied that the EPA's negotiations weren't a factor in the settlement, but argued that "moral suasion alone" wasn't the determining factor in reaching a solution, because a lawsuit had been filed. SI noted that the EPA retains the right to take companies to court to secure cleanup, but opined that a threat to do so had little credibility coming from a "nonconfrontational" agency. More important, the American taxpayers have not necessarily been saved their thousands of dollars in court costs and cleanup efforts in California. The paint company acted alone in reaching a settlement; some 36 other individuals and corporations notified as "responsible" by the EPA didn't respond. The EPA's enforcement division says its investigation is ongoing.—ED.

Sir:

As an environmental protection specialist employed in an EPA regional office, I thank you for your environmental report. However, the situation within EPA is much worse than SI imagines. In the face of drastic budget cuts and administrative actions that in effect take the teeth out of the watchdog, EPA personnel are leaving faster than residents from a hazardous waste site.

Ex-EPA professionals can find jobs in the industrial sector, usually at twice the salary they were previously paid, but in the long run the American public will lose. Clean lakes and rivers to swim in, wildlife areas for the observer and the sportsman, safe, clean air for the athlete: these are things that the American people are entitled to and that our children and their children deserve. How can we sit quietly and let environmental damage occur that we may never be able to correct?

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